

DICKIE LEE!

By JENNY MARSH.

Oh, Dickie Lee, Oh, Dickie Lee,  
Of the sunny days gone by;  
The bonny lad I called my lover,  
The bonny lad that loved no other,  
No other lass but me!

Oh, we were in love when our years were few,  
And our hearts were fresh as the morning dew—  
Six years was I, and seven was he:  
And since those days long years have passed—  
Long years of blossom and of blast;  
But in them all there never grew  
A love more sweet, a love more true,  
Than that of Dickie Lee.

I often think of Dickie Lee,  
And the summers long ago—  
Of the old school-house and the little brook,  
With its mossy banks in the shady nook,  
Where we would fish, till the bell did ring,  
With our "home-made line" of a bonnet-string,  
And a crooked pin that served for a hook,  
And earned more joy than the spelling-book.  
But if we were late and the teacher cross,  
The blow and rebuke I "counted as dross,"  
And during it all I only could see  
The sparkling dark eyes of my Dickie Lee!

I wonder now if Dickie Lee  
Looks back across the years,  
Smiling, perhaps, at the thought of me,  
And the funny times we used to see,  
In that old school-house of yore!  
On the little bench close by the door,  
The little bench that would hold but four—  
Janie, Lois, Dickie and me—  
And the lambs of the flock were we.  
I wonder now if he ever thinks  
Of the dreadful time he stole the pinks  
And roses rare to give to me?  
And what befell poor Dickie Lee?

They tell me that my Dickie Lee  
Is a man of wealth and pride;  
That he has ships upon the sea,  
Titles, too, of a high degree,  
And that a lady became his bride.  
Very well, so let it be,  
Fickle have I been as he.

'Tis many a year since he was my lover,  
Loving me well, and loving no other;  
'Tis many a year since the barefooted lad  
Romped close by my side, making merry and  
glad;  
'Tis many a year, 'tis many a year,  
That seals up the past and brings down a tear—  
But I think of him yet as a laughing boy,  
Knowing or dreaming of nought but joy,  
Unless he dreamt of me.

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And I would not see the man of care  
That calls himself Richard Lee;  
That has wasted cheeks and thin gray hair,  
For, oh! he would steal from me  
Something I love and cherish well,  
An image shrined in a secret cell,  
And it is dear to me;  
Though the face is freckled, and plain and lean.  
Yet memory calls it bright and serene,  
And keepeth the spot of its dwelling green  
For the sake of Dickie Lee,  
The little boy that long ago  
Was really in love with me!

*Journal of Commerce.*

#### THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

I HAVE been where in the holy place  
The worshippers were kneeling:  
I have been where thro' the vaulted space  
The organ notes were pealing;  
And louder and louder through pillar and arch  
I heard hallelujahs ringing;  
Like the sound of a host on its homeward march,  
The songs of their fatherland singing.

And then 'twas still, a deep and holy calm,  
Like dew distilling, sank into the breast:  
A lull, that gave like Gilead's healing balm,  
Peace to the troubled, to the weary rest.

And anon, a soft angelic strain  
With a flute-like melody again  
Broke through the silent air:  
'O Lamb of God,' the plaintive voices  
said,  
'That hast become the first fruits of the  
dead,  
In pity hear:  
O Lamb of God, to thee alone we pray,  
Thou that the world's offence dost take  
away,  
Receive our prayer.

When foreign nations grasp the bloody  
sword,  
Let us abide in thy sure mercies, Lord;  
Let discord cease!  
When thrones are shaken, and when war  
is rife,  
Lord, keep thy servants from tumultuous  
strife,  
Grant us thy peace!"

Soon again in fullest concert blending,  
Rose the swelling sound of choral strains:  
Like to angels heavenward ascending,  
Fluttering pinions shook the transept panes.

Doubt not, the saints in their beds rejoice,  
When mortal hearts are bounding;  
And they look for the peal of the trumpet's  
voice,  
Through the gates of death resounding.  
*Fraser's Magazine.*

## THE MUSICAL APOLOGIST.

WE have numerous collections of music in the shape of "Treasures," "Bouquets," and other forms in which "Music for the Million" is administered; but considering that some of our celebrated vocalists are in the habit of not singing when advertised, almost as often as they do sing when announced to appear, we think that there is room for a new musical publication, to be called the "Musical Apologist." It is all very well to furnish a series of the popular airs of some celebrated tenor, but his unpopular airs are almost as familiar to the public ear, and would form a very voluminous series if they were to be put together in the way we have suggested.

We should be glad to see a work on the pathology of the operatic artist, with an exposition of the diseases to which great singers are subjected. We think it would be discovered that the maladies to which they are liable vary according to the seasons, and that the *Bronchitis Derbyitis* or the *Influenza Ascotica* will be found at about this time of the year, extremely prevalent. We have known also some very severe cases of a sort of theatrical syncope, attended with pressure on the chest, and a sense of emptiness, which has been observed to come over a singer or actress going up a flight of stairs to the door of the treasury. These and other maladies would fill a volume, if the subject were to be taken up by a professional man of adequate knowledge and experience.

Our object, however, in commencing this article, was to furnish a few musical apologies to be used at Operas and Concerts in the absence of any celebrated artist attacked with sudden indisposition. In order to give a medical certificate a character of fitness to the occasion required, it would be advisable that it should be adapted to the air advertised to have been sung by the absentee, and it should then be confided for execution to some substitute for the missing vocalist. Supposing, for instance, that a *prima donna* were announced to sing *Una voce* at a Concert, and in consequence of the money not being forthcoming, or from some other cause, she were suddenly to be seized with a severe hoarseness, the following air might be given with great effect by the *seconda donna*, who may have taken the place of the indisposed *artiste*.

## RECITATIVE.

You know what we artists are,  
When on payment we rely:  
Disappointment brings catarrh,  
Or may to the ankle fly.

## AIR.

I'm grieved exceedingly to come before you  
For indulgenza—I must implore you.  
*La prima donna*—can't get her salary,  
And sprained her ankle—in crossing a gallery.  
If they don't pay her—why should they use her?  
She's indisposed and—she hopes you'll excuse her.

The following specimen would furnish a good musical apology for an operatic tenor—absent we will say from a promised performance of some Italian opera, and having an excuse sung for him to a well-known air in *Fra Diavolo*:—

Upon his couch reclining,  
Our tenor you might now behold  
With a slight attack of cold—  
'Tis his complaint of old.

Last night he went out dining,  
And feeling just a cup too low,  
Whene'er the bottle round did go,  
The wine was let to flow.

Tumblers! While the brown meats they're eating,

Hock and champagne repeating.  
Diavolo—diavolo—diavolo.

Although he should be playing  
To-night—he doesn't feel inclined,  
And trusts—he shall the public find,  
As they are always—kind.

No more I need be saying,  
For you the old excuses know,  
How a tenor's voice can go,  
When he has been so-so!

Trembling caused by the last night's meeting,  
His burning head is beating,  
Diavolo—diavolo—diavolo.

Punch.

## SUMMER.

How fast the rapid hours retire!  
How soon the spring was done!  
And now no clouds keep off the fire  
Of the bright, burning sun.

The slender flower-bud dreads to swell  
In that unclouded blue,  
And treasures in its fading bell  
The sparks of morning dew.

The stream bounds lightly from the spring  
To cool and shadowy caves;  
And the bird dips his weary wing  
Beneath its sparkling waves.

W. O. B. Peabody.

## GREAT THOUGHTS.

Great thoughts are like the flash,  
Their fame is like the thunder,  
And fools would mock the crash  
That sages hear with wonder;  
And often, like the bolt and clash,  
The two are far asunder.

The distance of the bolt from us  
We gather from the time  
Before the thunder, and 'tis thus  
The interval a thought sublime  
Endureth without fame,  
Denotes how far before his age  
Is he from whom it came—  
The unacknowledged Sage!

Justin Winsor.

## SISTER ANNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVE IN IDLENESS."

## CHAPTER I.—AN AUTHOR'S FAMILY.

The family of the Dynevors was assembled round the breakfast-table, in the back parlor of their small suburban house. A family breakfast-table! The words have a comfortable sound, and convey comfortable ideas of sociality and cosiness. Yet somehow, at *this* breakfast, there was not much of either. The room looked untidy, with its litter of books and papers strewn about the chairs and tables. The window had not been cleaned recently, and only a dim view was obtainable of the small and desolate backcourt outside, *par courtesie* called "garden;" and the muslin curtains which embellished the said window on the inside had long ceased to be white, and looked very cold and comfortless, besides, in the chill March morning.

On one side of the blazing fire, Mr. Dynevor lounged in his easy-chair, completely lost for the time being to all external impressions, in the engrossing columns of the newspaper. Occasionally he removed his eyes and his mind for a brief space from the leading article to his cup of tea and his toast; and occasionally, too, he gave utterance to some observation, usually of a complaining nature.

"My dear! this tea is weaker than ever; did the water boil?"

"Yes, indeed it did, Edmund; but I think Thomson serves us worse and worse with our tea,—though, indeed, we must expect it."

A heavy sigh closed this speech, and the still handsome face of Mrs. Dynevor relapsed into its habitual expression of careworn helplessness.

"The toast is quite cold, too," resumed her husband; "*that*, surely, is not Thomson's fault. Helen, you should see to these things."

Helen, a blooming young girl of eighteen, looked up from her employment of cutting thick bread-and-butter for her younger brother and sister.

"Dear papa, I'm very sorry; but I have so much to do, now Anne is away."

"To be sure she has," said her mother, warmly. "Poor Helen! she has been a perfect slave this last fortnight."

"Thank Heaven, Anne will be home this evening," said Mr. Dynevor, as he turned again to his newspaper. "Nothing goes well when she is away."

"Helen does everything, I am sure," murmured the mother; "no one can do more than she does. My darling, you should wear gloves these cold mornings; your poor hands are quite red."

Helen looked ruefully at her well-shaped hands, which were, indeed, somewhat too rosy.

"And Mrs. Lumley's party is to-morrow night," she said, in great distress. "Oh, dear! how glad I am that Anne is coming home."

"She mustn't go away for so long again," pronounced Mrs. Dynevor; "I knew how inconvenient it would be. The Grants ought not to ask her to go to them, knowing how necessary she is at home. Grace's lessons suffer, too; (Grace, my dear, sit upright in your chair). Had she her music lesson yesterday?"

"No, mamma; I was making the pudding."

"And we couldn't eat it, it was so badly made," cried Albert, with malicious eagerness; "all pasty and horrid. You don't know how to make a pudding; Anne does, though. I'm glad Anne's coming home, I know, if only for that."

"Hold your tongue, sir, and don't cut holes in the table-cloth," said his mother, sharply; "and oh, Grace, don't spill your tea—and where is your pinafore? Helen, Grace has no pinafore on."

"Go and fetch your pinafore, Grace, directly."

"It's all torn, it must be mended before I can put it on," pleaded the bright-haired little girl; "you know, sister Helen, I told you of it last night, and you promised to mend it."

"Take a clean one from the drawer, then," persisted Helen.

"There isn't a clean one. You know you said yesterday—"

"For mercy's sake be quiet!" cried Mr. Dynevor from behind his paper. "Get the cloth removed, and then go away, all of you. I've an article to finish by two o'clock, and it's now past ten. Make haste."

This was an adjuration too important to be disregarded. Future breakfasts depended on the finishing of Mr. Dynevor's article, and with more celerity than might have been expected, his desires were complied with, and he was left alone with his desk and his inkstand.

For Mr. Dynevor was an author: a writer of light literature for monthly periodicals—a producer of elegant trifles for magazines and annuals, which people read, and smiled over, and were charmed with; and if they chanced to think of the author at all, fancied to be the emanation of the agreeable leisure of some man, the gayest hearted, as well as the most sparkling-minded fellow in the world.

He did not look so now, as he cast aside his beloved newspaper with a sigh, and began his work by correcting the pages he had previously written. His broad brow wore an expression of ineffable anxiety and disquietude, as he bent over his manuscripts, muttered them over, and occasionally dashed his pen through one line, or

scrawled another. The sound of the children playing in the garden under the window disturbed him, and he rose and spoke to them in a hasty tone, bidding them seek another playground. Then he returned to his papers, and his revising finished, proceeded to write.

The mere effort of collecting his ideas seemed very painful, and indeed he had been up late the previous night at a gay party, and his head ached this morning, and his thoughts were all in confusion. He had only added a page or two to the little pile of half-sheets on the table, when a sharp ring at the door-bell was followed by Mrs. Dynevor's entrance into the room.

"The printer's boy, my dear. Are you ready?"

"No. He must wait."

"Oh, Edmund! what is to be done? You know he was here half of yesterday, and he says the printers are waiting, and it will be too late for this month, and then——"

"Mrs. Dynevor, you must allow me to be quiet, or I cannot write another line. Go. Tell him to wait an hour—send him to get some beer."

"Beer! where is he to get beer? you never think—you never consider."

"For Heaven's sake, don't distract me, Mary. Leave me to my task—postpone your complaints——"

Mrs. Dynevor withdrew, sobbing, and her husband with a knitted brow turned to his work. Hard work it was. His brain throbbed, and his face was pallid long before he had finished; and the sudden gloom of that time which, out of London, is called twilight, had already come on, when with the sheets trembling in his hand, he went out with them to the boy, who was sleeping heavily in the passage.

He closed the door upon him, and turned back into the sitting-room with a face still pale, but from which the anxious look had fled magically. The trouble of the time over, he was at ease. His was not one of those natures which distress themselves either with forebodings or with regrets. His mind took vivid impressions of the present only, and a moment sufficed to cloud it, or gild it again into sunshine. He called the children to him, and, to make amends for his harshness awhile before, he disported with them—lent himself to all their humors, and was the blithest of the three.

In the midst of a game at "buff," Mrs. Dynevor entered.

"Is he gone?—is it finished?—is it all right?" cried she.

"Quite right, Mary. You needn't worry yourself any more," returned her husband, affectionately smiling at her careworn face. "When are we to have dinner? Now, Grace——"

"Buff neither smiles nor laughs——"

"Oh, but he does, though. You are laughing, papa; smiling, at least. A forfeit—a forfeit!"

"The children dined at two o'clock," broke in Mrs. Dynevor, "and I thought you would have a chop with your tea, perhaps. It is past seven o'clock, and——"

"That will do admirably. I'm as hungry as—— There, Albert, there's a penny for a forfeit. Now again. *Who goes there?*"

"Shall I send to Stewart's for your chop?" again interrupted his wife; "or shall Albert run to High Street, and pay for it? It is much cheaper there, but then——"

"Oh, poor Albert would like to finish his game. Send Rebecca over to Stewart's. And, by the by, let her tell Mrs. Stewart that she shall have orders for the——Theatre, in a day or two, for her children, to see the pantomime. That will put them in good humor."

Mrs. Dynevor left the room, and they resumed their game. The fire-light played upon their laughing faces; the father's as merry as his youngest child's. In the midst of their glee, a double knock at the street door was unheeded; and it was not till a pause occurred in their jocularity that they were conscious of a slight stir, and voices in the passage. When they did hear it, however, they were quick to interpret its meaning.

"It's Anne!" cried Albert and little Grace, rushing simultaneously to the door. And Mr. Dynevor, following them, was just in time to receive his eldest daughter in his arms, as she stepped into the room.

"My dear father!" said a low but clear voice.

"Ah, Anne, darling! how glad we are to have you back again," said Mr. Dynevor. "We all miss you so much; the place never seems the same when you are away."

"And Helen is quite fagged to death," added her mother, as she embraced her. "Poor child! she looks quite pale and worn."

"Where is she?" asked Anne. "Dear Helen! she shall have rest now."

"She has this minute gone round to Bingley's, to get some little things she wants for to-morrow night. Mrs. Lumley's party, you know; and her dress——"

"Never mind Helen's dress just now," interfered Mr. Dynevor. "Remember Anne has had a journey, and I daresay she is tired."

Grace was ready to take her sister's bonnet and cloak, and Anne sat down beside her father, confessing to some degree of fatigue.

"Bring a candle, that we may see how she looks," cried Mr. Dynevor; "for, child, you have been away a whole fortnight."

"All but two days," corrected Albert.

"You see we keep accurate computation of the time of your absence," said the father; while Anne bent down and kissed her little brother.

"Why, Anne, your cheek is quite wet," exclaimed the heedless boy. "I do believe you are crying."



"Hush, Albert, whispered Anne.

Mr. Dynevor was silent, but stirred the fire into a blaze, by the light of which he looked at his daughter.

There were traces of tears on her face, and her brown eyes were glistening even yet. But she turned to her father with a smile, which reassured him. Anne Dynevor's smile was a very pleasant one; it gave quite a new expression to her face, which habitually was more calm and thoughtful than are the faces of most girls of scarce one-and-twenty years of age.

"Have you spent a pleasant time at the Grants?" asked Mr. Dynevor; "And how are they all?"

"They are very well; and I have been very happy," answered Anne, cheerfully. "We had pleasant weather; and took long walks, country walks! Oh, father! it was such a happiness to see the fields again, to breathe the fresh air, and to look out upon the wide, open landscape." She stopped a moment, then added, "And yet how glad I am to be at home again."

"Are you quite sure, Anne?"

She only looked up at him for answer, with a serene, steadfast look often seen on her face. He was satisfied.

"Was Edward Grant at home?" inquired Albert, with the roguish look and tone that young brothers are so apt at assuming on such occasions. "And did he walk out with you much?"

There was a faint flush on the sister's cheek, though her voice was steady enough, as she replied briefly to his questions. Mr. Dynevor imperatively bade him hold his tongue, and Albert withdrew into himself, feeling all the indignity of the mandate, yet, nevertheless, inly glorying in his own sagacity. There *was* something going on about Edward Grant, he was sure, or why did Anne color so?

The evening meal was much more cheerful and sociable than the breakfast had been. The little room was improved in its aspect, now that the blinds were drawn, and candles lighted, the tea equipage on the table, and the kettle singing on the hob. Anne sat beside her father, and Helen, next to her, performed the duties of the tea-table, with smiling and deliberate grace. Mrs. Dynevor occupied her own easy chair on the other side of the fire-place and the two children completed the circle. A general atmosphere of rest and contentment appeared to surround them all. Albert was in high spirits again. Even Mrs. Dynevor smoothed her features into complacency, and drank her tea and ate her toast with an air of cheerfulness, which, poor anxious wife and mother, she seldom assumed. Helen and Anne occasionally abstracted themselves from the general conversation, and talked together in a low tone, of which a few words were occasionally audible, such as, from Helen:—"evening party—partners—pink

trimmings;" or, from Anne:—"long ramble—violet bank—primroses—sunset." &c. The which, Albert observing, he loudly insisted on the impropriety of such proceedings.

"Albert is right," said Mr. Dynevor; "reserve all your confidential chatter till you are by yourselves. And Anne, my dear, turn your face this way, and let us see if you have brought home a color. Not much, I perceive. But you were never very ruddy. For all your country air, Helen is still the rosiest."

Anne smiled tenderly and proudly on her beautiful sister, who, tall, brilliant and blooming, formed a striking contrast to her pale and quiet-looking self. It was a pleasant thing to note the affection which subsisted between them; an affection, however, which was usually far most demonstrative on the part of the younger. But the two natures were so different.

"Still, though not much rosier, you are looking better, I think," resumed Mr. Dynevor, after a searching gaze; "for the which, thank Heaven!" And there was real gratitude expressed both in look and tone. "You were not well, Anne, when you left home, though you persisted in saying that you were."

There was a silence. Mrs. Dynevor looked up somewhat punctuously at her eldest daughter. She had a vague consciousness that she did not habitually think so much or so anxiously of her health as of the others; but then, it was almost impossible to know when anything was wrong with Anne, she was always so calm, so silent, about herself. The mother was glad now, to see that she really looked well; her complexion clear, though pale; her eyes, ever more soft than bright, beaming healthfully.

"I'm sure we are very much obliged to the Grants," said Mrs. Dynevor, "for taking such care of you, my dear. But they were always very fond of you. How is Selina looking now? I declare I have been expecting to hear she was married, or at least going to be. Not that she is more than the merest girl (two or three months younger than Helen, isn't she?)—but then, you see, they go a good deal into society—they have opportunities." She sighed, and paused. "Did they have much company while you were there, Anne?"

"Not much. I met all my old H— acquaintances, I suppose for the last time. Now that the Grants are leaving, it is not very likely that I shall meet any of them again."

"Fortunately for your peace of mind," laughed Helen, "none of them are so charming as to occasion you regret. Oh, me! what I used to suffer with Caroline Denbigh and her endless histories about herself. She used to begin with—"When I was in love," just as old Major Parkinson does with—"When I was in India!"

"Well, but everybody who goes to the Grants isn't like that," said Albert. "Kate Western and all the Westerns were famous people, and

besides—Why, we first met Mr. Avarne there!"

"But Mr. Avarne doesn't live at H——," cried Grace; "and he will come and see us, even when Mrs. Grant has gone to live in Sussex. Won't he, Helen? Won't he, Anne?"

"I hope so," replied Anne. Helen was silent.

"Mr. Avarne called here the evening after you left home, Anne," said Mr. Dynevor.

"And he was so funny!" cried Albert; "he made me and Grace laugh so, you can't think. And he began to draw a portrait of Helen, but he tore it up; because he said it wasn't a bit like her. And then he drew two scenes for my theatre. Beautiful scenes! One is a forest with a waterfall, and a little cottage at the side; and the other is a landscape, with a practicable bridge and wings."

"And he told me a story about a fairy," interrupted eager little Grace; "and he drew a whole sheet full of pictures. I will show them to you, Anne, they are so funny!"

And both the children subsided into the cry:—

"Oh, I wish Mr. Avarne would come again, soon."

"Mr. Avarne appears to be popular," remarked Mr. Dynevor. "Nevertheless, he has not been here since that evening—nearly a fortnight ago. Did you see anything of him at H——, Anne?"

"He came once or twice," she answered.

"He is so very intimate with the Grants, you know,"—Mrs. Dynevor seemed to think it necessary to explain—"he has always been in the habit of often running down by the railway, it is such an easy distance by rail."

But here broke in Albert with his scenes, and Grace with her sheet of sketches, all of which Sister Anne must look at, and duly admire. They quite besieged her with their talk, and their recapitulations of Mr. Avarne's stories. Mr. Dynevor closed his eyes, leaned back in his chair, and resigned himself to listen to the confused babbling of the childish voices, in the midst of which the low tones of his eldest daughter were sometimes audible; just, he thought, as on a summer's noon you may hear, in the midst of the hot sounding humming of insects, the south wind murmuring among the trees. And thinking thus, he fell asleep.

Anne first discovered it, and charged Albert and Grace not to disturb him. So, presently, the children went quietly up to bed, under the guidance of Helen, without bidding their father good-night. And when the door closed on them, Anne drew her chair near to where her mother was sitting, engaged in what appeared to be an interminable labor of mending stockings, from a huge basket-full which stood at her feet. Very soon the daughter was busily working away too, while they both talked in subdued tones.

"How soundly your father sleeps!" said Mrs. Dynevor, with a heavy sigh. "He was out at Mr. Burton's last night, and, as usual, not home till two in the morning. And then to-day he had to finish his article for the — Mag-azine."

"To-day?" repeated Anne. "Surely that was very late."

"Very late. But it always is so—always! Nothing in the world will induce him to begin and finish things in good time. And if this had been too late, I can't tell what would have become of us. But he doesn't mind. He pores over that horrid newspaper all the morning; and puts off his writing till the very last minute. And then, these dreadful late parties, which he will persist in going to. No wonder that his head troubles him; such a whirl of—"

"His head! Oh, mother, has he been suffering with that since I was away?"

"Why, he said I was not to tell you; but the truth is, he was very ill last week. He didn't write a single line for five days. Heaven knows how it will all end!"

Mrs. Dynevor let fall her work, despondently. Anne took her hand, and uttered a few soothing words, though her eyes as they fixed themselves on the sleeping countenance of her father, were full of trouble, deep, although tearless. The mother presently resumed, in a broken voice—"Thomson sent in his bill three times last week. If we don't pay him a part, at least, in a day or two, I feel sure he will go to some sharp lawyer, and put us to frightful expense, as that terrible Gillespan did last year. And then the baker and the milkman—I declare I'm ashamed to see their bills come in, they have been running for so long. Then, the week after next, comes quarter-day—three-quarters' rent, and taxes. Even the servant's wages —" Mrs. Dynevor again stopped, overcome by this recapitulation of her troubles.

Anne was accustomed to her mother's gloomy views of their circumstances; and though she knew the reality to be dreary enough, she was still hopeful and brave. Her father's health was to her a source of far deeper anxiety even than the unpaid rent and tradesmen's bills. She fancied that he was thinner; and that even in the quietude of sleep, his face wore that unhealthy flush, which she had learned so greatly to dread, as the harbinger of the fearful illness which occasionally attacked him.

"Did you call in Dr. Rogerson to my father, last week?" she asked of her tearful mother.

"No; he wouldn't hear of it. He grew better the second day, or I should have sent. But for five days he was fit for nothing, even when the violent symptoms abated. Five days! It is that which has thrown us back so much. His book is in the same state as when you left home; not a line added, that I know of. He says it will take six weeks' hard work to finish it; and,

with the interruptions of his magazine and newspaper articles, you know it will be three or four months, at least."

"Well, dear mother," said Anne, with an effort at cheerfulness, "it will settle all our difficulties when it is finished. Two hundred and fifty pounds will more than pay all these miserable debts, and so smooth away all your annoyances. Let us look forward to it."

"It is all very well for you," murmured Mrs. Dynevor, fretfully, "who haven't the wretchedness of these things to put up with. You may not mind, perhaps. I do. I am sick and tired of 'looking forward' as you call it."

Nothing chafed Mrs. Dynevor more, when she was on the subject of her troubles, than for any one to turn their bright side outward, and try to give her comfort by proving that things were not so bad as she assumed them to be. She was one of those women who like to be consoled with, better than to be consoled; and Anne, with all her womanly tact, often offended, because she did not quite understand this convolution in her mother's character.

"Poor Helen, too," resumed the complaining voice; "she has scarcely a gown fit to appear in. So beautiful as she is, it breaks my heart to see her in that shabby brown merino day after day. To-morrow night she is going to Mrs. Lumley's, and she has no better dress than that old white one, which everybody must know and be quite sick of by this time."

"White muslin always looks much the same," said Anne, "and Helen looks lovelier in white than in anything. And I shall take pains to iron her dress to-morrow morning. You will see how fresh and snowy it will look."

Mrs. Dynevor submitted to be soled by this consideration, more especially as Helen herself entered the room at this moment, and the mother's lamentations were always reserved for Anne alone; both parents seeming instinctively to avoid clouding the younger girl's bright temperament with the cares and anxieties which pressed on themselves.

Helen seated herself beside Anne, and passed her arm round her.

"At work already? Dear Anne, how incorrigibly industrious you are! You make me feel quite ashamed of myself."

"There is no need for that feeling to continue long," said Anne, smilingly proffering her an unended stocking and a darning needle. Helen took them with a good grace enough, and began to work with a very determined air, although it was easy to see how totally unaccustomed were her fingers to such homely labors.

When Mr. Dynevor awoke, he declared himself quite abashed by his companions' industry. He wondered the very atmosphere had not awakened him from his lazy slumber, he said. He was in high spirits, and presently began to talk in his own peculiarly happy style. At his

own fireside, though he was, in the shabby parlor, and with his wife and daughters for sole audience, Mr. Dynevor was as brilliant, as witty, and as polished, as if he had been the centre of an eager and admiring circle at — House, or the — Club.

It is a rare thing for a man who is noted for "success" in society—his aptness at repartee, and his graceful flow of conversation—to bring the same good gifts to his own domestic hearth. And it must be confessed that Mr. Dynevor did not often prove an exception to the general rule. But his heart was unusually light this evening. Despite Anne's apprehensions, he felt himself singularly well, and it made him happy to have his eldest girl at home with him again. Besides, he had finished his article, which had lain heavy on his mind for the last fortnight. He was willing to look at everything *en couleur de rose*, and not even his wife's anxious face, and the long-drawn sighs with which she interspersed his playful talk, succeeded in clouding his gaiety.

Anne was deeply grateful to mark this. Nevertheless, she longed to be alone with her father, if only for a few minutes—she had so much to ask him. But no opportunity occurred; only, as she bade him good-night, while he clasped her in his arms, after the fashion which had never changed since she was a tiny child, she whispered her earnest question:—"Was he quite well; really quite well?"

"Anne, darling, I feel young again!" was his energetic reply; "all my pains and aches both of mind and body seem to have departed. Peace and content have returned, hand in hand with Sister Anne."

#### CHAPTER II.—A MORNING AT HOME.

Anne was usually the earliest riser in the house. The morning after her return, she was awakened by the vehement ringing of the bell, which, hanging at Mrs. Dynevor's bedside, communicated with the sleeping-room of the servant, and which that lady made a practice of ringing at frequent intervals, every morning, for an hour or more after six o'clock. Rebecca had become inured to the alarm, and slept peacefully through it all, till it suited her pleasure to rise; but Anne was more easily aroused. She dressed, and leaving Helen still sleeping, stole softly down the stairs, succeeded in effectually disturbing the slumbrous Rebecca, and then entered the parlor.

The empty grate, the dusty tables, and the general litter, lost nothing of their discomfort, viewed in the dusky twilight of the early morning. But Anne did not purpose only to look at all this, she was soon busily employed in amending it so far as was possible. She gathered together the various papers scattered about, restored the books to their places on the shelves, and summarily ejected the children's toys from

the mantel-piece and the side-table. Things presented a far more prepossessing appearance by the time that Rebecca had lighted the fire, and laid the cloth for breakfast.

Anne possessed that happy gift which, though essentially *womanly*, is not universally found in women; a gift which may be called that of graceful order. It is a rare thing for neatness of arrangement to look elegant, and some people—men invariably—if they take it into their heads to be orderly, are sure to be only awkward and precise. But, under the auspices of women like Anne Dynevor, tidiness becomes raised to the dignity of something like a fine art.

By the time the family assembled in it, the sitting-room had acquired an air of comfort, and even of refinement. Anne had brought with her from H—, besides a great bunch of evergreens and early garden blossoms, some primroses and violets, with such other wild flowers as the season afforded. These she disposed about the apartment in various vases, glasses, and jars; and flowers—wild flowers, especially,—lend poetry to all their environments. A few daisies scattered on a table, invest it with a grace that the costliest burden would fail to bestow.

Mr. Dynevor gave a pleased glance at Anne's arrangements, and called her "the good fairy," a pet name he had for her; while even Mrs. Dynevor's face brightened at the improved aspect of the usually dull little room.

"I declare Anne, everything looks quite cheerful," was her encouraging remark; "and these flowers are delicious. From the Grants' garden, I suppose? I remember it. Won't they be very sorry to leave the old place?"

"In one sense, yes," said Anne, as she busied herself in making the tea, cutting bread-and-butter, and the various duties of the breakfast-table. "They will naturally regret leaving their old home, but it will be less painful, they think, to go into new scenes and associations when Edward leaves them. And, besides, the sea air will greatly benefit Mrs. Grant's health."

"What in the world induces young Grant to leave England at all?" proceeded Mrs. Dynevor, in a ruminating tone. "I should have thought his prospects were pretty well assured, without his going to Madras; and it must be such a trial to his mother. Doesn't she feel it very much, Anne?"

"I fear so," Anne answered, while an expression of keen pain passed over her face. Her mother's attention was fully occupied by her own speculations; but Helen's eyes dwelt on her sister's face, with an earnest, searching look, that was somewhat trying to the conscious object of her gaze. Gladly enough, Anne turned to the children who just then entered the room, with the *edat* usually attendant on the motions of individuals of their age and temperament.

"Anne, there's a snowdrop just come out in the garden," cried Grace; "a real snowdrop!

Don't you remember, you brought the root from H— last year?"

"Yes, dear, I remember," said Anne, rather thoughtfully, kissing her.

"Won't you come and look at it?" went on the little girl.

"Ah, do come out in the garden for a minute," added Albert. "I want to show you my tortoise; he's supposed to have grown slightly this winter."

The two pulled her away with them. Helen, idly standing by the window, watched them all. Albert and Grace had each a hand of their elder sister, and essayed to draw her different ways. Her clear cheerful voice was heard in laughing remonstrance—then she was led, first to the snowdrop, over which she stooped very low, Helen thought, for some minutes.

In truth, there were recollections connected with the little flower-root, which made it rather hard for Anne to regard it, and its solitary, puny, and sullied blossom, with equanimity. Last year she had looked on it growing in all the stillness and wildness of its native copse—its drooping whiteness, its purity most absolute, shining forth from among the tangled grass and brushwood, like an incarnate promise of the spring. And Anne loved the country and its myriad associations, that are pure as childhood, and holy as prayers—loved it with a reality and depth that brought with it its own penalty of pangs and yearnings. Perhaps there might be other reasons why the particular scenes from which the snowdrop had been brought should be dear and sacred in Anne's eye's; but, if not, there was surely reason enough for a passing melancholy in the contrast of the different environments of the poor flower then, and now. The back-garden of a London house, in place of the wooded glen—yellow fogs for dew, and showers of soot for the fresh rain new from heaven. Poor little snowdrop!

But Anne, after awhile, checked her busy thoughts, and turning a serene face to the children, suffered them to take her to inspect the various objects of note and interest in the magnificent demesne of twelve feet by twelve. And when she returned to the parlor, she was talking merrily with Albert and Grace, her quiet cheerfulness being precisely of that order which is not, and cannot be, assumed to hide an inward depression. Indeed, Anne's mind was far too healthfully active for her to be in danger of falling into that disease of habit more than circumstance—low spirits. There was in her home, and always had been since she could remember, an incessant demand upon both her physical and mental energies; the rest looked to her without recognizing it to themselves, for help, advice, consolation and encouragement. It was a good school, though a hard one, in which to learn, not only abnegation, but comparative forgetfulness of self—and Anne had been no idle scholar.



Unselfishness in her had attained its completing grace of unconsciousness. It was only on rare occasions, such as the present, for instance, when, after a temporary respite, she returned again to the cares and annoyances of the daily life, that she felt the extent of the continual trouble that weighed down her spirit.

The very meannesses and trivialities of these cares it is that makes them so hard to bear. To be heroic in great things, is an exercise of power which appeals pleasurably to our self-esteem; but in the encountering and enduring the small trials of life, there is no such attendant flattering unction to the vanity. In vanquishing such difficulties, we destroy all trace of their ever having existed—almost even to ourselves. The workers of small services are recognized only when they are missed.

Breakfast passed cheerily. In honor, perhaps, of Anne's reappearance among them, Mr. Dynevor, on this particular morning, actually alighted the "Times," bandied jests with his daughters, puzzled the children with riddles, and generally made himself sociable.

"Helen, my dear, I hope your admirers won't be in too great force to-night. I'm not a Hercules—and you see, carrying pistols or other weapons of defence might be remarkable. What do you think?—We're going to Mrs. Lumley's," he very superfluously explained to Anne. "Mrs. Lumley has a taste for beauty as well as for talent, and begged me to bring my lovely daughter with me to-night. Do you feel insulted Anne, at Helen's immediate appropriation of the invite?"

"That reminds me," broke in Mrs. Dynevor, solemnly setting down her tea-cup. "Run down-stairs, Grace, and tell Rebecca not to forget to put down the irons directly after breakfast." She nodded her head significantly at Anne. "It's as well to take time by the forelock, you know, my dear."

"What's that? What is Anne to do?" cried Mr. Dynevor, with a look of annoyance. "I wanted her to go with me to F——'s studio this morning. He asked me to look at his new picture, and Avarne says it is very fine. Anne would like it—wouldn't you dear?"

But Anne saw her mother's and Helen's simultaneous look of uneasiness. She knew that once out with her father, the time of her return was a matter of entire uncertainty. And poor Helen's muslin dress— She did not hesitate.

"Not this morning, papa, if you please. I have many things to do—and I am a little tired, besides"—which was true enough, though she was well aware that staying at home would involve far more fatigue than the proposed visit—"And I would rather not go out to-day?"

"Tiresome. I must go this morning, if at all. To-morrow I set to work again—at the book. So, if you won't come now, you'll lose the chance altogether."

"Never mind," said Anne gently—the merest breath of a sigh being lost in the words. Her father gave her a quick glance, then rose from the table with a subdued whistle, peculiar to him, when, without being positively cross, he was a little vexed or a little puzzled. But Anne's loving kiss cleared away the thin cloud, and he left the room to prepare for his walk in high good humor. When he had gone, Helen came to her sister's side with many caresses. Mrs. Dynevor began a somewhat complaining comment.

"I can't think how your father can be so unreasonable as to wish you to go out again to-day, after you've been away from home nearly two weeks. He must know how much there is for you to do in the house. Men are so, thoughtless, and your father never considers any one's comfort but —"

"Hush, dear mamma!" entreated Anne, with a look at the children, which was happily successful in stopping for the time the conjugal complainings. "You know," she continued, after a moments pause, seeing how Albert and Grace were staring with perfectly aroused attention, after the habit of small people (and indeed great ones too) when something is going on, of which it were advisable they should rest ignorant—"you know papa so seldom gives himself a holiday."

"And he knows how Anne delights in pictures," added Helen generously, while a transient pang of conscience made her blush as she spoke. "Dear Anne, it is quite too bad for me to keep you from such an enjoyment. Go with papa, and leave my dress to chance—or to Rebecca."

"Rebecca! nonsense! when to day is Friday," cried her mother, quickly. But Anne's quiet smile reassured her.

"Rest easy, dear Helen. I am even glad to stay at home. Now, little Grace, prepare your lessons, and bring your writing book that I may set you a copy before I go down stairs."

Grace vanished obediently. Mrs. Dynevor appeased, seated herself by the window with her basket of stockings, and Helen took up the newspaper and cast her eyes over it with an air of more idleness than curiosity. Albert had got a pen-knife, and was thoughtfully chipping away small bits of the book-shelf nearest to him. Anne busied herself about the room, while the servant cleared the breakfast-table.

This operation finished, Mrs. Dynevor laid her work on her lap for a minute, and cast a searching, comprehensive glance round the apartment.

"Did you ever see any place get so dirty as this house?" she began, pathetically. "Do look at the paint, Anne. Would any one believe it was thoroughly cleaned three weeks ago? And there are the marks of Rebecca's fingers on the door again! Really it's enough to tire the patience of a saint."



"We must have another grand cleaning soon," said Anne, from the interior of the store-closet, wherein she was arranging the accumulated disorder of her twelve day's absence. "Why, dear mamma? how is this," she presently exclaimed. "Here are too large parcels of rice, both opened, and the jar half full besides."

"It was Helen's mistake," explained her mother. "She looked in the wrong jar, and then she ordered twelve pounds at Gray's, and I ordered twelve pounds at Thomson's. It was a pity, but it doesn't much signify."

"No," assented Anne laughing, "it will only insure the constant recurrence of rice pudding at dinner for some weeks to come. You won't object to that, Albert, will you?"

"Oh, won't I though?" answered the boy, grimly; "you don't know what a treat we've had in that way already. Helen's rice puddings are enough to sicken any one of them for a year."

"It isn't kind to say that," Anne observed, with grave emphasis.

But her rebuke was lost in the flood of Mrs. Dynevor's indignation, which poured itself out on the apparently unconcerned offender.

"How dare you, impudent, complaining boy?" ran the peroration of her harangue; you are always finding fault—always telling stories about your sister."

"It's as true as I stand here," persisted Albert, with a vigorous chip at the book-shelf.

"Leave the room instantly, sir! And look—look what he has been doing!" cried the mother, rising to a crisis of tragic passion—"cutting away with that knife. Give it to me—give it to me I say." She shook the boy with violence, while he still grasped his knife doggedly, an ominous flush rising to his face.

Anne came forward, as it was her wont to do on the too frequent occasions when the injudicious mother essayed to cope with Albert, wilful and high-spirited boy as he was.

"Dear mamma, let me take him away. Come with me Albert."

"You always take his part, Anne. You do all you can to encourage him in his bad behavior." (Anne was silent, but kept firm hold of her brother's arm.) He is the plague of my life. I don't know what will become of him. He is altogether beyond my management." She began to sob, and to loosen her grasp of the young rebel. So many troubles as I have, completely weighed down with cares as I am, and to see my own children adding to them in this way!" A burst of tears ended it, and she flung herself into the nearest chair.

The boy began to look uncomfortable, and less sullen and impracticable at the sight of his mother's tears. Anne was leading him out at the door, just as Mr. Dynevor entered. She could hear his exclamation of annoyance, his angry remonstrance, and finally the bitter ex-

pressions of displeasure with which he strode out of the house.

Anne sighed deeply, as she closed the door of the little drawing-room upon herself and Albert. The latter's face wore an expression of mingled compunction and defiance—the first feeling awakened by the sigh, for he loved and instinctively respected his sister Anne; the other, alas, still directed to his mother, who, by some unhappy fatality, continually aroused the worst half of the boy's thoughtless and headstrong, but not ungenerous nature.

"Albert, do you remember what you promised me before I left home?"

No reply; but the head jerked away from her gaze in a kind of forced sullenness.

"You are not used to disregard your word," Anne continued, after a pause, "nor to —"

"I didn't," he broke in. "All the time you were away, whenever she began to aggravate me, I ran out of the room. It was hard enough sometimes, I can tell you, but this morning, somehow, I forgot. I wish I hadn't, for I don't like to vex you, Anne," he said, rapidly softening.

"Nor to vex any one, I hope," replied his sister gently, "especially your mother, Albert. Never forget that the same disrespect, which is a grave fault towards anybody, becomes a sin when directed against her."

"But when she is so dreadfully cross, and without any reason at all, and takes hold of me and shakes me—it's horrid," pronounced the boy; "and I can't bear it, sister Anne. I know that nobody could—you couldn't even—that is," he added, as an after-thought, "you couldn't if you were a fellow like me."

"I know it is far more difficult to a temper such as yours" Anne said; "but it is not impossible, Albert, and once accomplished, the glory is the greater. Only the other day, you were telling me how you should like to be a hero, if you only had the opportunity—now here it is before you."

Albert shook his head incredulously, with a half smile up in her face.

"Ah, Anne, that won't do; who ever hears about such heroes?"

"Then I am to suppose it is the reputation, and not the reality of heroism, of which you are ambitious? That is rather like grasping at the shadow and rejecting the substance, is it not?"

"It's all very well for women to be angels," said Albert evasively, "but it's out of a man's, of a boy's line altogether. Well I mean," he continued, seeing his sister's look of serious reproof, "angels in that sort of thing."

"Nay, Albert, you know better—you will own it by and by when we have another talk about these matters. Meanwhile try, do try to be more that which you know I would love to see you, to mamma—and to Helen. How is it that you always speak so unkindly of Helen?"

"Oh! mamma makes such a fuss over her, and she's always praised and flattered, and made believe she's so perfect. I'm the only one who ever tells her the truth about herself," declared Albert, with an air of importance. Anne could scarcely resist smiling at; "I can see her faults plain enough. Now, if they were to praise you, Anne, there'd be some sense in it; but she never says a word about——"

"Hush; Albert, I should be sorry to have so severe an inquisitor over my shortcomings as you are to poor Helen's. Remember how much need there is for all of us to be lenient to each other's failings."

"Oh Anne, I'm very sorry; I'm always very sorry when I've done anything wrong; especially when you show me it's wrong. Other people poke it at one so, it makes a boy savage, you see. But upon my word, I'll try and be milder for the future."

He put his arms round her neck in a boy's rough but earnest embrace, which Anne cordially returned, saying nothing of her tumbled hair and crushed collar.

"There! and now I'm off to school. I've half killed you, I daresay, and spoiled your things besides. If it had been Helen, shouldn't I have caught it? I beg your pardon, Anne," he called out, half-laughing, half-remorseful, as he dashed out of the room; "But no harm's done, you know, since only you heard it."

Anne, left alone, walked slowly to the window, and looked out upon the dismal street. It did not much signify that the prospect was very dreary, and sunless and smoky, for her thoughts were elsewhere. She leaned her head upon her hand, and for a few minutes a feeling of great cheerlessness came over her. Remembrance of the continual striving after something good and beautiful which her life had been ever since she awoke to the keen sense of true goodness and beauty, smote her painfully, almost despairingly. It seemed, looking back upon it, as if it had been such a fruitless struggle—so little progress had been made—so little real good had been effected; the same petty griefs and ignoble trials were, as ever, constantly recurring—and she could not see that they were either made more beautiful or endured more patiently than they had been years ago. There was something so degrading in this perpetual clashing of tempers and of wills: it seemed as if, in the constant fight with circumstances which had always been the unlucky fate of the family, they had lost sight of the far more vital necessity of waging battle against the less worthy part of their own natures.

"They should be very grateful who have time to endeavor after perfectness," thought Anne, sadly, as she turned away from the window. Her mother entered the room at the instant.

"Dear me, Anne, why did you hide yourself

here, when we're all wanting you? You really should be more thoughtful. Rebecca has made everything right for you down stairs."

"The pudding to make? coffee to roast?" asked poor Anne, confused for the moment, in a manner very unusual to her clear and ready faculties.

"You can't have forgotten," said Mrs. Dynevor indignantly, "your sister's muslin dress. Poor Helen might have spared her sorrow in thinking that you staid at home on purpose."

"Oh, mamma—don't—don't!" was all Anne could plead, the tears coming quickly to her eyes, as they had a habit of doing—a habit continued from early childhood even until now—at the stroke of unkindness. But Mrs. Dynevor was more thoroughly out of humor than was common to her; her faults, both of temper and otherwise, generally being more negative than positive, and arising more from weakness of control than any particular strength of feeling. She turned away, muttering fretfully to herself; and Anne, after lingering a moment in the hope of some token of relenting, forced back her tears, tried to think of something cheerful, and was leaving the room. But little Grace, her arms full of books, encountered her at the door.

"Sister Anne, will you set me my copy? And I nearly know my lessons. Will you?"

"You mustn't come into this room, child," cried Mrs. Dynevor. "Carry all that litter away into the parlor, or somewhere. Anne can't attend to you now."

"Presently, dear," added Anne, "I will come to you. In the meantime, cannot you practise?—or Helen will give you a music lesson."

"Music lesson, indeed! Helen has her own music to practice for this evening. All the time you have been away, Anne, the poor child has hardly played a note. She may be allowed the opportunity now, I hope. Grace, do not get in the way so," fractionally pursued the mother, as she left the room, pushing aside the wide-eyed little girl, who still stood in the doorway, bending under her literary burden.

Anne staid behind, to say a few soothing words to Grace, who was a tender-hearted little thing, and looked more than half ready to cry under the double provocation of the unexpected check to her carefully-prepared lessons, and her mamma's asperity.

"There, my pet, go up into my room, and arrange your books on the little table; and you may take down my Goldsmith's 'Animated Nature,' from the book shelf, and read that till I come to you."

Grace tripped away, all bright again, and Anne went down stairs, perceiving, as she passed the open door of the parlor, Helen still lounging in her father's easy chair, and yawning over the newspaper. The elder sister, loving as she was, was too right-minded not to feel a pang

of disappointment—of wistful regret. She could hardly distinguish what was the feeling, except that it was one of pain.

"If dear Helen would but remember," she thought to herself, "little Grace might have had her lesson, and the practising not have been interfered with either."

But she said nothing, knowing by experience that anything approaching to remonstrance with Helen instantly exasperated Mrs. Dynevor; while on the thoughtless, impressionable temperament of the young girl herself no lasting effect was ever produced.

When the mistress of a family of Mrs. Dynevor's calibre is ill-humored, the servant is certain not to be the last person in the house who is made aware of the fact. Anne found Rebecca in a state of sullen displeasure, just having both given and received "warning" for the fifth time within the last three months. Her indignation, her grumbling, and her vehement recital of her wrongs, formed the accompaniment to the first part of Anne's ironing labors. She bore with it all very patiently, knowing the girl to be not only good-hearted but faithfully attached to them all, continually quarreling with every member of the household though she was, and had been during the five years she had lived in their service.

Nevertheless she was not sorry when Rebecca's harangue was brought to a close by a double knock at the street door, followed by an additional and not less imperative summons on the part of Mrs. Dynevor from the parlor. She heard with her ears, but not with her mind, the untidy shuffle of the girl up the stairs, and along the passage—the opening of the door. But then followed the sound of a voice, and Anne, quiet, self-possessed Anne, started—burned her fingers, and was fain to desist awhile from her employment, lest, haply, she might burn the thin muslin dress, also. She lived in the present now at least, keenly, vitally. She listened, her blushing face bent forward, a quivering happiness playing around her mouth, a dewy lustre in her eyes.

Meanwhile, thus ran the dialogue up-stairs:—

"Is Mr. Dynevor at home?"

"No, sir; he went out early this morning."

"Oh!"—and a pause.

"My mistress is in, sir, and the young ladies," quoth Rebecca, with whom the visitor was somewhat of a favorite.

"They are engaged, perhaps?" But while uttering the words, he passed over the threshold. Then followed the treading of steps into the little drawing-room: the door closed, and Rebecca ran into the parlor with intelligence of the visitor. Anne heard Helen's immediate and rapid flight up-stairs; to repair her toilet, no doubt—the young beauty being somewhat careless of her attire in the earlier hours of the day.

Rebecca ran down to Anne.

"It's Mr. Avarne, miss. Your mamma says——"

But Mrs. Dynevor came hurriedly in to speak for herself.

"Anne, my dear, will you see to the luncheon-tray? Rebecca must bring it up when I ring. The biscuits and wine are in the parlor cupboard. But Helen will get them, so that you need not hinder to come up-stairs in the midst of your ironing."

Anne's blush faded. She felt too conscious, perhaps, to be able to speak until after one or two stammering, and fortunately inaudible, attempts. But at last she gained courage and calmness enough to say a few words.

"I should like to see—I should like to come in for a few minutes."

"Oh, why in the world?—and the irons getting so capitally heated just now. It is only Mr. Avarne, you know."

"Yes; but he has seen the Grants, perhaps." And Anne came to a full stop, feeling cruelly ashamed of her own disingenuousness, forced upon her though it was.

"Oh, very well; I'll ask him all you want to know about the Grants; only don't leave Helen's dress till you have finished it—there's a good girl. If a thing of that kind isn't done off at once, it is sure to be a failure."

Mrs. Dynevor hurried away. Anne remained mute, motionless; considering, hesitating, and doubting, as her naturally decisive and straight-seeing mind seldom did. She so yearned to be for a moment in that little room up-stairs. But, finally, the very might of her desire enabled her to overcome it; for, with jealous sensitiveness, she shrank from doing that which by any faint possibility might betray its strength to her mother and sister—or—any other.

Therefore she addressed herself anew to her task, and strove very hard to bestow upon it all due attention and carefulness. And she succeeded very well, though it must be confessed that Helen's lace-trimmed sleeve had a narrow escape of being scorched, when the sound of doors opening, and voices mingled in laughing talk, informed her of the visitor's departure.

"Good-by!—good-by!" she heard him say; "you will remember me to Mr. Dynevor, and to—to your sister. I am sorry to have missed seeing them."

"Anne is very busy," Helen said; "but papa—you will meet papa to-night at Mrs. Lumley's. We are going."

"All of you?"

"All of us!" repeated the young lady, laughing; "one would think we were a regiment."

"I mean does Mr. Dynevor go alone?"

"Oh no! I am to accompany him. Have you any more questions to put?" she added, with a light and rather nervous laugh. "Are you satisfied?"

"Surely. Have I not every reason for being so?" he answered, laughing also. A hasty repetition of adieus followed, and then his quick, firm tread upon the pavement, gradually growing less distinct to Anne's ear, and then the dull dead closing of the door.

Helen came running down stairs.

"Oh Anne! I'm so glad—Mr. Avarne is to be at Mrs. Lumley's to-night. How delightful—how charming he is!"

The miss-ish expressions of rapture infinitely jarred upon the listener. Helen was carelessly leaning upon a portion of the fair, smooth skirt, and Anne drew it away, with a hastiness keenly repented the minute afterwards.

"Take care—take care! See what mischief you are doing—dear."

"A million pardons! Darling, good, sweet, Anne, how kind it is of you to be doing this for me!" cried Helen, in a transport of gratitude and affection as sudden as it was evanescent. She twined her arms round her sister, at the imminent peril of causing her to burn herself, and bestowed a shower of kisses, partly on her flushed face, partly on the air.

"Now, I suppose I must go," she said, having concluded these operations. She swung her slight lithe figure round and round, in listless consideration, from which, however, she soon broke again. "Oh dear! Mr. Avarne told us the most delightful anecdote of — the sculptor. Mr. Avarne's stories are always so charming, so different from other people's. But he is so different altogether. Really he is. I don't know anybody else who is the least like him. Do you, Anne?"

"Dear Helen, if you are thinking of something to do, would you mind giving Grace her music lesson now?"

"Very well; I had to practice, and to finish a *ruche* for my dress; but if you like, I'll see to the child first."

Like many another of her temperament, Helen was always complaisant when she was well pleased. So she went off, singing as she went a snatch of some merry French song, which Anne remembered as one that Mr. Avarne had often asked her to sing.

The rest of the day was somewhat dull and blank. Mr. Dynevor did not return home till quite late, and much confusion and disturbance ensued in the house, as his dinner had to be prepared, and his evening dress arranged; and Anne was closeted with Helen, assisting at her toilet; so that Mrs. Dynevor could neither summon her to her aid, nor complain of her for not being where she was wanted.

But at length the various difficulties were adjusted, and Mr. Dynevor, in his best spirits—in full dress of mind as well as of person, handed Helen, radiant and charming as delight and white muslin could make her, into a cab which was to convey them to Mrs. Lumley's.

"Well, she looks as beautiful as an angel!" observed Mrs. Dynevor, as she and Anne seated themselves in the deserted parlor. "In spite of her plain dress and no ornaments, there won't be any one in the room to compare with her, I know. And a good many there will think so, too." She nodded her head with an air of secret intelligence.

"I'm much deceived if Mr. Avarne does not greatly admire her. You should have seen how indignant he was at his own sketch of her, which he took the other evening; how hastily he tore it up, exclaiming at its injustice."

"Did he?" But Anne seemed little disturbed by the information.

"And between ourselves"—the mother dropped her voice, for the children were playing together in a corner of the room—"I don't think Helen is at all indifferent to him. I think she likes him better than anybody else. I think a very little would make her in love with Mr. Avarne."

"Oh, mamma! you must be mistaken," Anne cried, hastily, impulsively; with sudden agitation that a less obtuse companion would not have failed to detect.

"Mistaken, my dear? that is not likely," said Mrs. Dynevor, with an air of calm self-satisfaction. "I have had opportunities of observing — Besides, what can be more likely? He is a most delightful person — very clever, and all that; and you might hear yourself how Helen speaks of him."

"Yes," said Anne, relieved, after a pause of consideration.

"He is not very rich, I believe," pursued Mrs. Dynevor, going at once to the practical side of things; "but his mother, I have heard, is well off; and he is an only son. Well connected, too. It would be a good match for any girl."

Anne started up, proposing to put Grace to bed. The little girl thought her sister very silent and grave; and the usual brushing of the bright curls was not at first so cheerful an operation as was customary. But so soon as her attention was directed to the fact, Anne aroused herself vigorously, exerted herself bravely, pushed away the absorbing thought, and would not listen to the doubts which, despite her own convictions, continued to oppress her.

She was almost glad, on returning to the parlor, to find that her mother's attention had become fully occupied by some grievance connected with Rebecca and kitchen candles, which effectually prevented all recurrence to the subject of Mr. Avarne. But when she sat in her own room, quietly and alone, she allowed her mind to revert to it—to meditate upon the question, and consider as dispassionately as she might the chances of her mother's surmise proving correct.

It was not an unwholesome diversion, perhaps, painful though it was. It carried her thoughts beyond the range of the petty cares and anxie-



ties that engrossed them through the day. A busy, troubled day it had been, more so than usual, or else, from a sense of contrast to the ten or twelve previous, it had appeared so. Those days in the quiet country, what a different life from this! How different the very time had seemed—clearer, purer, and more akin to the holiness of eternity, than these hours which dragged the day along, each laden with its own annoyance, and leaving its peculiar sting.

Thus Anne thought on this particular evening, being infinitely depressed, and her mind thus jarred from its usual healthy tone, unable to perceive the *compensations* which every destiny contains within itself. They are difficult to be recognized sometimes, especially by one who suffers under the latest pang of that same destiny, as Anne did now. The incessantly recurring littleness, of the day's trials had already worn her out, mentally as well as physically: she felt wearied both in soul and body, and yet even now could take no rest.

If her mother should be right! Was there to be no haven of safety for her anywhere: no oasis of peace and brightness, wherein, even at troublous times, her spirit might find repose? It had done so often, nay continually. From one secret thought—one sweet, silent consciousness, Anne had repeatedly drawn new strength, courage, patience. And was this to be poisoned evermore? It seemed too hard—it was impossible. She felt sure she need not fear—need not doubt; but the matter was too close to her heart to be thus set aside; and she still doubted. After considering for two or three hours, recalling all past words, looks, and tones, that might throw light upon the subject, she could arrive at no conclusion, and closed her eyes at length, in thorough exhaustion, with the question as unresolved as at the first.

From restless, disturbed sleep, she was aroused by the glare of a candle thoughtlessly brought close before her eyes, and the sound of Helen's voice very unnecessarily inquiring if she were awake. Looking up, startled and half blinded by the sudden light, she saw her sister bending above her bed, in her thin delicate white dress, with her arms and neck shining fairly and white-ly from beneath her half-closed shawl, her face flushed with a faint but lovely color, her eyes very lustrous, and her appearance altogether unlike all preconceived notions of "after the ball."

"Helen, what is it? Ah! I remember." And truly, remembering, Anne sank back again on her pillow, and shading her eyes with her hand, looked at the young girl with an eager, inquiring gaze. "You and papa have returned then? What o'clock is it?"

"Just three, my dear. Fancy, what dissipation!" And Helen began divesting herself of her heavy shawl, glancing complacently in the dressing-glass as she did so.

"Have you had a pleasant evening?"

"Pleasant? Delightful—enchanting! Mrs. Lumley is the kindest, the most agreeable woman.—And such an elegant house—everything so beautifully arranged! I never enjoyed anything so much in all my life."

"I am very glad," said Anne, and hesitated. "Were there many people you knew?" she presently added, in a low voice.

"Not many. But when Mr. Avarne came—only he came late, and I had not much talk with him, after all, there were so many who wanted to speak to him. But he introduced some very pleasant people to me and then Mrs. Lumley asked me to play; and other people came and talked with me. I had plenty of acquaintances before I left the room, I assure you. Oh, it was very pleasant."

Anne's face was transfigured since the beginning of this speech; which indeed seemed to demonstrate clearly enough the superficial nature of Helen's liking for Mr. Avarne. She drew a long, long, thankful sigh, and her voice was quite changed when she again spoke, though they were the same words she had used before—"I am very glad."

"There was a little dancing, too. I was quite besieged with partners, and only able to dance with about one-half of the gentlemen who asked me."

Helen's eyes sparkled with delight.

"And papa—was papa pleased?"

"Oh, I suppose so. He was quite willing to stay till the last. Indeed, Mrs. Lumley would not hear of our coming away before."

"I hope he has not over-exerted himself. He is always so fatigued the day after these gay parties."

"He has not gone to bed yet, either," said Helen, as she brushed out her long hair. "I left him in the parlor, writing away."

"Writing—at this time in the night?"

"Yes; some letter of importance, on business connected with the newspaper, which he forgot all about till this evening."

"Oh, Helen!" cried Anne, distressed, "he will make himself ill—he will—"

"Nonsense, dear. Don't put yourself into such a state of mind about it. He had a cup of strong coffee just before leaving Mrs. Lumley's; which refreshed him, and made him feel quite ready for work, he said. And the letter was not to take him long. You will hear him pass up-stairs in a few minutes, no doubt. Now, do lie down quietly, and listen to all I have to tell you."

There followed a flood of details such as young ladies do delight in, more particularly when the narrator is also the heroine. Anne tried hard to chain her attention and understanding to its proper reception. But it must be confessed that she found it impossible to



prevent her mind from wandering somewhat. Her thoughts were in a whirl of confusion; she sorely needed time and solitude in which to collect them. At length she was taken to task for her evident absence, and for the irrelevance of her replies to Helen's occasional questions.

"You are not listening, Anne. White and gold embroidery—don't you think it would look pretty? Such a graceful relief."

"Very true. I have not heard my father come up-stairs yet."

"What in the world has that to do with it? Do think of what I am saying. This ball, which is to take place next month—I should so dearly love to go. And papa could not object to Mrs. Lumley's chaperonage. The dress is the difficulty." And Helen sighed. "Do, Anne, help me to think of some plan."

"Yes, dear."

And for the twentieth time that day Anne shook off her clinging, troublesome thoughts, and forced herself free from the half-painful luxury of their indulgence.

Helen rattled on—now relating some incident of the past evening, now anticipating a new delight in one yet to come. Occasionally Anne ventured a gentle remark, with the least touch of remonstrance in it—the faintest indication of the feeling busy at her heart, of wishfulness that her sister would not spend so much thought, and waste so much enthusiasm upon objects so little worthy of either. But it was impossible to resist Helen's affectionate, childlike ways, when she was bent on "coaxing."

"Oh, dear Anne, do let me be happy when I can. If you only knew the dreary time I've had since you were away; you know how dull and miserable the house is, often. Don't deny me the little pleasure I am able to have."

And with her arms clinging round her neck, and these words on her lips, Helen fell asleep.

Anne was wakeful, yet her thoughts might be permitted now—her mind have time to calm itself. Relieved though it was, infinitely and blessedly relieved, there was a vague sadness hanging about it still—an anxiety which seemed, as though it had been lying in wait, instantly ready to take the place of the one now banished. The very consciousness of this was a dreary one. But Anne did not forget to be grateful; even while her hearing was strained to catch the sound of her father's foot upon the stairs, and she sickened as the adjacent church clock chimed every quarter of an hour, showing how fast the night was waning. It was long, very long, before he came; and then it was with a slow, fatigued, exhausted step, that it went to the daughter's heart to detect.

She sprang up in haste, wrapped Helen's shawl around her, and softly opened the door. Her anxious eyes fell upon Mr. Dynevor's pale

and worn face, looking quite ghastly in the feeble light of the expiring candle he carried.

"Oh, papa, dear papa! I feared—I knew. You are terribly tired."

"Tired? Oh, no." He smiled gaily upon her, redescending the stairs to kiss her with much fondness. "You foolish child, go to bed, or you will be too tired for to-morrow's pleasure. Helen has told you" (but Anne's look sufficiently explained that she had not) "Mrs. Lumley is to call for you in the morning—this morning, I suppose I may as well say—at twelve o'clock, to take you to Mr. F——'s studio, which you missed yesterday. Won't you like that?"

"Oh yes. But, papa—about yourself? I'm so anxious—"

"There is no need. Run away, and dream of the pictures."

Anne closed the door, half-sighing, half-smiling. It was, for many reasons, a great pleasure that had been thus planned for her, and her heart throbbed—she was almost ashamed to feel how gladly—at its anticipation. Nevertheless, her last thought before she finally fell asleep was neither of Mrs. Lumley nor the pictures, but was one of painful solicitude for her father.

#### CHAPTER III. — PICTURE-SEEING.

ANNE'S approaching pleasure was the general subject of conversation the next morning. The family feeling was not unanimous on the occasion—that could scarcely be expected. The children were loudly glad; Mr. Dynevor quietly, but unmistakably pleased; but Helen was somewhat silent, and Anne felt it hard that her mother was evidently annoyed, rather than gratified, at this mark of attention being shown by Mrs. Lumley to her eldest daughter, instead of to Helen.

"Why, she scarcely ever saw you in her life," was the remark with which she wound up a long string of wonderings and conjecturings; "she knows nothing in the world about you."

"Oh, pardon me, but you are mistaken there," interposed Mr. Dynevor, looking up from his newspaper. "Mrs. Lumley has heard a good deal of Anne—from mutual friends."

"What mutual friends?"

"Myself—if you will permit me to be numbered in the category—and Mr. Avarne."

Anne colored a quick, painful crimson, and then colored again from simple fear of detection. But the emotion passed unnoticed, Helen and the children having left the room, and all her father's attention being occupied by Mrs. Dynevor's loudly-expressed disdain, at the first utterance of which, Anne gladly fled into the recesses of her store-closet.

"Mr. Avarne, indeed! What nonsense will you put into our heads next, I wonder? As if Mr. Avarne had not something else to talk about besides a parcel of young women."

"That expression is scarcely elegant, my dear," returned her husband, with his most provoking air of affected gravity, "and is entirely misplaced on the present occasion. I never accused Mr. Avarne of talking about any other young woman but Anne."

"Of all young women, the most unlikely!" cried Mrs. Dynevor, with singular irritation. "A man like Mr. Avarne, who goes into so much society, who sees so many people:—why, he must know everybody of note in London."

"The more reason he should be able to recognize and appreciate goodness when he meets with it, I think. Much intercourse with the world—by which I mean the 'world' of London society—is apt to shake one's faith in its existence, I can tell you. However," continued Mr. Dynevor, growing serious and explanatory, "Mr. Avarne only mentioned Anne's love of pictures when Mrs. Lumley was talking about them, and she then invited her to go with her this morning. He also made an observation about some sketches of Anne's which he had seen one day;—very ordinary remarks. I don't think, had you been there to hear, they would have afforded you food for a tithe part of a censure, or for the merest atom of wonderment."

Mrs. Dynevor turned away with an angry and rather inconsequent "Nonsense!" But her husband settled himself to his newspaper again, with evident deprecation of further argument. Anne might come forth from her sugar and rice with impunity; as, indeed, she was very soon compelled to do, the customary matutinal appeals to her now ensuing.

"Sister Anne, will you mend this hole in my jacket before I go to school?" was Albert's demand.

"May I say my lessons now?" said little Grace.

"Anne, you must see to Rebecca the first thing," Mrs. Dynevor interposed, "and give her clear directions about the dinner."

And Helen brought up the rear, by entering with the memorable white dress hanging on her arm. "Dear Anne, I tore this lace off, last night. Would you sew it on again for me? You will do it so much more neatly than I can."

"Now, good people all," cried Mr. Dynevor, just as Anne was leaving the room to execute the kitchen duties impressed on her by her mother, "if you crowd tasks upon Anne in this fashion, she will never be ready by the time Mrs. Lumley calls. And mind you, Mrs. Lumley is a very worthy woman, for a woman of fashion, and kind-hearted as she is light-headed; but you would find, I suspect, that she strongly objects to be kept waiting. I beg that Anne may be dressed an hour beforehand. I particularly wish she should not be hurried." And his wife's remonstrance was effectually cut short by—"Now I'm going to set to work for

the day. Run away, everybody, and let me be quiet," etc.

Anne had reason to be grateful for her father's interference. Mrs. Dynevor might complain, and be reproachful and indignant, but, nevertheless, she always respected her husband's injunctions too much to think of disregarding them. And Helen, whose fair brows were somewhat clouded for a minute or two, when she found not only that her claim on her sister's services was to be postponed, but that on herself would devolve some of Anne's many and various duties for the day—Helen, on consideration, resolved not only to be amiable, but to appear so, too.

She surprised Anne, by running up to her room, where she was dressing, with kind offers of assistance. She fluttered about the room, opening boxes, and tumbling the contents of drawers, with a show of zeal that was quite edifying, though, to say the truth, not of great efficacy in furthering Anne's proceedings. But the elder sister was too happy in the kindness, to care much for the help. And, after all, despite every contending hindrance—including little Grace's lessons, which she had resolved on superintending herself, before she left home—Anne was dressed and ready, and, as her father complacently remarked, "looking neither flushed nor pale, but very much as she ought to look," some time before the roll of carriage wheels, and a footman's imperative knock at the door, announced the expected arrival.

Mr. Dynevor handed his daughter into the carriage, and exchanged a few words with Mrs. Lumley before it drove off. Mrs. Dynevor meanwhile looked furtively from behind the drawing-room curtains—an example which Helen with lofty scorn declined to follow, although she nevertheless attended with some interest to her mother's descriptive remarks on what she saw.

"Two ladies in the carriage! Who is the other, I wonder? Do you know her, Helen? Thin, and dark, and past thirty, I should think. Who *can* she be?"

"I haven't the least idea; it doesn't signify."

"Ah, your father is coming in again. There they go. He will be able to tell us, very likely."

At that same moment, Anne was put in possession of the coveted information, by being presented to the lady sitting opposite to her.

"Miss Dynevor—Miss Blackburn."

Bows were duly exchanged, and Anne glanced quietly at her new acquaintance, who considerably directed her eyes towards Mrs. Lumley for a minute or two, so as to permit the inspection.

She was a woman past the period conventionally regarded as youthful; and, indeed, there was something in her face which seemed to denote that her spirit had grown old with

the years that had gone over her, and that she was not one of those happy few who, even when they cease to look young, retain within the inner and truer self, the best and purest elements both of childhood and of youth. In Miss Blackburn's face there was none of that steadfast and serene calm which is equally characteristic of exceeding wisdom or infinite innocence. The eyes were bright, quick, and searching; the mouth expressive, and restlessly mobile, when not under a control which, however, was somewhat often exercised, resulting in a tightening of the lip; a constraining of the muscles, that did not improve either the symmetry or expression of the countenance thus disciplined. Her voice was like her face. It was not harsh; there was even a wandering music; very earnest and healthful in its occasional tones; yet there was also a jarring inflection which it took too frequently, and an almost total absence of that indefinite something, at once so beautiful and so necessary to the beauty of a woman's voice; the graciousness and gentle sweetness which, because it springs from the spirit of *loving* within her, is of all her graces the most lovable.

"Do you like pictures?" was the abrupt and rather commonplace question with which she turned to Anne. And then, while receiving the inevitable assent, she looked in her face with an inquiring, but not unkindly gaze.

"Oh, Miss Dynevor has a real enthusiasm for art," said Mrs. Lumley; "which is so rare in these languid times, as to call for grateful appreciation from all quarters."

"A real anything, when one can but find it, is like water in a dry land, I think," remarked Miss Blackburn, no longer looking at Anne, and with the pleasanter light in her eyes usurped by a hard glitter, which unhappily seemed more habitual to them.

"And you are an artist yourself, I have heard, Miss Dynevor," continued Mrs. Lumley. Anne eagerly and earnestly deprecated the title.

"Do you only draw a *little*, then, after the fashion of young ladies generally?" asked Miss Blackburn, with a smile which would have been more agreeable had it been free from a certain slight but perceptible shade of sarcasm.

"More than 'a little' in that sense," replied Anne, courageously; "yet little enough when measured by the magnitude of such a name as *artist*."

"I perceive that your reverence for art is equal to your enthusiasm"—and Miss Blackburn's smile grew more genial; "the two feelings are not always coexistent, unfortunately."

Anne looked a little puzzled, a little incredulous—a look which the bright dark eyes were quick to interpret.

"I will tell you more clearly what I mean. The enthusiasm which arises out of reverence is

deeper and sincerer, stronger and more lasting, than the vivacious sentimentality which ordinarily goes by the name. Do you agree with me now?"

"I think, yes; except," hesitated Anne, while her interlocutor bent a keen gaze upon her—"except that you imply so wide a scepticism as to the reality."

"Of every-day folks' raptures," finished Miss Blackburn. "Exactly so. Think a moment, and you will perceive what a reasonable sceptic I am. How many young ladies who 'adore' music, would know Mozart from Jullien? How many who 'dote on' the country, would give up a ball or a fashionable promenade for the loveliest scene in nature, lit by the divinest heaven that ever shone? Tell me, now."

"But," Anne said, smiling, though feeling painfully that she could not attempt to answer this demand, "these are only one class; young ladies are not all humanity."

"The most advantageous species from which to illustrate for your purpose, I think," returned her adversary. "So far as my experience goes, I believe women to be more innately sincere than men; and certainly the young, both from temperament and circumstance, are less calculating and less conventional than those who have learned for a longer time the admirable lessons taught in the school of the world. Where will you look for truth, if not among young women?"

Anne was baffled; though feeling clearly that the argument was illogical, she could not demonstrate its falsity. She was silent for a few moments, and at length only said thoughtfully, "Then, where do the true and sincere people come from?"

"It would be more to the purpose to inquire where they go to, I think. In what strange nooks do they so effectually conceal themselves?" said Miss Blackburn, with a harsh laugh, which caused Anne to shrink back involuntarily.

But here Mrs. Lumley effected a timely diversion by making some casual remark, and the conversation became more general and more lively. Miss Blackburn did not often join in it. She leaned back, and her restless eyes wandered from the passers-by in the street to the quiet, womanly face opposite to her, fixing themselves longest there, although Anne never encountered them once.

Mr. F——'s studio was in one of the pleasantest suburbs, quite on the other side of London to the drearier district where the Dynevors dwelt. It was a long drive, and pleasant towards its close, when they passed through some lanes, and beside some fields not yet built upon, and where the wind blew freshly, and the air seemed clearer, and the sunshine brighter.

"Who says we have nothing of nature near London?" demanded Mrs. Lumley, triumphantly. "Look, Miss Blackburn. In the

summer, these lanes are green and beautiful; even now, you can see the hedges just beginning to bud. And those trees in the field there!—it is quite a bit of the country.”

“I see two hedges extending for a quarter of a mile, six or seven trees, a field, a garden, and, beyond that, rows of villas, and an infinitely extending distance of chimneys. Do you think this is anything like *nature*? Oh, my dear Mrs. Lumley, you might as well call a birch broom a birkenahaw! It is an interminable dispute between us, you must know,” she explained to Anne; “Mrs. Lumley being an ardent upholder of the delights and advantages of a London residence, while I—I have lived all my life in the country, and scarcely count it living to be anywhere else.”

“You love the country, then?” said Anne, interested.

“Yes,” was the curt answer; “and you may give me credit, too,” she added, laughing, “for being sincere so far, at least, though I see you don’t think me entitled to a consideration I refuse to other people.”

“On the contrary,” returned Anne, smiling also, “I am only too glad that you should be the first to disprove your own doctrine.”

“A doctrine which you don’t believe? Well, well; I don’t know what right I have to try and infect you with the disease of doubt, any more than with scarlet fever or small-pox. We that have gained that miserable gift of experience, are unfortunately too apt at sharing it with our happier neighbors who have none. If people would be equally generous with their more desirable possessions, it would be a better balanced world than it is.”

Anne did not reply; her eyes were directed towards the garden of the house they were approaching.

“We are arrived at our destination,” announced Mrs. Lumley, as the carriage now stopped—“and, I declare—here is Mr. Avarne at the gate! This is delightful indeed. How kind of you to come!” she continued, as she shook hands with the gentleman, who had advanced to assist them from the carriage.

“Truly kind, delightful, and opportune,” added Miss Blackburn, with real pleasure evident in her look and voice. “I was afraid I should not see you again before I return into Sussex. What made you think of coming here to-day?”

“The knowledge that, if I did so, I should meet you,” he replied, with a smile, which comprehended the three ladies, but rested finally on Anne’s face, wherein a faint flush had arisen. It passed soon; she was her usual self, quiet and serene, before any one could remark the transient disturbance.

They all passed into the house, and were shown into the studio. There lay, upon the easel, the great picture they had come to see.

“F—— is not here. I find,” Mr. Avarne said:

“he was not aware of your intended visit—as I was. But he may be content to leave his work as his representative.”

He placed chairs for them in the proper light to view it, and then, at her expressed desire, stationed himself beside Mrs. Lumley, who evinced considerable perseverance, and quite a fresh fund of vivacity, in the effort to engross his attention.

“I’ve a thousand things to ask you,” she began, after a brief and impatient glance at the painting; “I couldn’t get a word with you last night. Is it true that you are going to join your mother at Florence this spring? No! Well, I thought not. Would you believe it, Lady Ladbroke insisted upon it, said there were reasons—*matrimonial* reasons, too—why you had decided to go. Most absurd I thought it at the time, and told her so. And whom do you think she hinted at as the *fiancee*?”

“I am in a most happy state of innocence; I entreat you not to destroy it,” said Mr. Avarne, with scarcely disguised annoyance. “Don’t you think that erect figure on the left there is finely brought in?”

“Very; beautiful effect of color in the robe. And for Lady Ladbroke, of all people, to pretend to know anything about the matter! Why, she is the merest acquaintance both of Mrs. Avarne and yourself.”

“That is really too bad,” observed Miss Blackburn; “she ought to know that it is the exclusive privilege of *friends* to tell falsehoods about one another.”

For the first time, Miss Blackburn’s irony was not altogether disagreeable to Anne; nor, apparently, to Mr. Avarne either, for it was with a very kindly smile that he now turned to her from Mrs. Lumley.

“Have you written to my mother lately?” he asked. In her last letter to me, she complained of your silence.”

“Nay, I am a model of a correspondent, I contend. I always write whenever I’ve anything to write about; when I haven’t, I let pen and ink alone. I wish all my epistolary friends would follow the same plan. Now, I intend writing quite a despatch to Florence when I return home. I shall have all about my London visit to detail, and, besides that, a most rare and precious piece of village news to communicate. New neighbors! Fancy the incursion of a new family into quiet little Hillington.”

“Especially interesting to my mother, too, since, I believe, these new neighbors of yours are acquaintances of her own.”

“Oh, do you know the Grants, then? Have you known them long?”

“A year or two. But Miss Dynevor,” he added, with a certain hesitation—“Miss Dynevor is an intimate friend of the family.”

“Indeed! I am glad to hear that,” was Miss Blackburn’s comment, “since there may thus



be some chance of our meeting again in the country. I hope, Miss Dynevor, that you are in the habit of visiting your distant friends occasionally?"

Miss Dynevor, ever since the first mention of Hillington, had been particularly intent on the picture before her. She was compelled to look up now, however, and did so, but with embarrassment. She was not unwilling to be interrupted, before she had time to reply, by Mrs. Lumley's eager curiosity.

"Grant! Are you talking of poor Mrs. Grant, who is in such distress because her son is leaving her? Mr. Avarne, do you know anything about it? Can you tell me why he is going to India?"

"I know nothing. It seems to have been a sudden resolution," he replied, absently.

"I heard that some excellent civil appointment was the temptation. Yet I always thought the Grants were in good circumstances. But does he expect to be long absent from England?" pursued the inquisitive lady, with such a questioning look at Anne, that she was compelled to answer.

"Not more than two or three years, I believe," she said, in a voice steady enough, but which to a vigilant ear betrayed the effort it cost to keep it so.

Miss Blackburn looked at her with a sudden, half-compassionate glance, which she was quick to remove, seeing the crimson flush it brought into her face.

"Well," she said, kindly after a brief pause, "three years soon pass—as even Mrs. Grant, a mother waiting for her son's return, will find. And, after all, *absence* is not the saddest experience in life, by very, very many."

"Oh, indeed, I can't agree with you, Miss Blackburn," objected Mrs. Lumley, sentimentally; "to part with those we love, always seems to me the most trying thing in the world. What can be worse?"

"Heaven forbid that you should be enlightened, my dear madam!" exclaimed Miss Blackburn, with her hard, cold laugh. "And suppose now, that, just for form's sake, we look at that which we came to see."

Anne was glad that now, for a few minutes at least, all eyes were turned towards Mr. F——'s "Queen Boadicea." She had time to become calm, and to be duly provoked with herself for having ever ceased to be so. But she was happily deceived with the idea that her embarrassment had passed unnoticed, save, perhaps, by the quick eyes of Miss Blackburn, who, she trusted, would think no more of the matter.

Mrs. Lumley's taste for art was evidently of a nature that required but little aliment in the way of visual gratification. For three minutes her eyes wandered over the picture, while various interjections, critical and laudatory, issued

from her lips. Then she became restless, consulted her watch, looked out of the window to see if the carriage waited, and was on the point of proposing an immediate departure, when a recollection fortunately occurred to her. Her plan! She had a plan, about which she wished to speak to Miss Dynevor, if Miss Dynevor would have the kindness to leave the picture for a moment, and draw her chair to the window. This done, she commenced, her vivacity quite renewed.

"A charming plan, I am sure you will say, and sure to be successful, if I can only get together the party I wish. It is a birth-day festivity, and the parent idea was a picnic; only, you see, people who have the misfortune to be born in March can't very well have *ad fresco* entertainments on their birth-days. But I am determined to have something more out of the common way than a dinner-party, or a ball, or any London gaiety of the kind; and I want to gather my friends around me for two or three days at Chiswick. We will defy the seasons, and have an in-door picnic! What do you think of that?"

She stopped for the answering ecstasy, which Anne supplied, by smiling and looking as interested as she could.

"The scheme is perfect, if the people don't disappoint me. My sister's villa is a very gem of a place, with conservatories and the loveliest gardens, and charming drives and rides round about, should the weather be fine. If not, in the house there are pictures and books without end, and a first-rate billiard table; in fact, everything in the world to make people happy. Isn't that delightful? Don't you like my plan?"

Anne smiled again, and admitted that her description was brilliant in the extreme.

"I'm charmed to hear you say so, my dear Miss Dynevor, for I've set my heart on you and your sister being with us. You positively must favour me so far. I entreat you not to tell me you are engaged for the 27th and the two following days. You are not? Now I'm really happy."

Anne felt all the cruelty of which she was guilty, in proceeding to cloud this newly-acquired happiness; but it was necessary to make the engagement conditional, both for her sister and herself. It must be confessed that her own desire to share in the proposed gaiety was not overpowering; but she remembered the pleasure it would give to Helen, if it were possible to accept the invitation thus cordially made. For Helen's sake, she hoped it might prove possible—a hope which ceased to be so entirely unselfish, when Mrs. Lumley, in counting her promised guests, named among them Mr. Avarne. Anne blushed quite guiltily, recognizing how differently "the most charming plan in the world" appeared to her then.

During this discussion, Mr. Avarne and Miss



Blackburn had continued faithful to the picture, before which they remained quietly enough. But Anne safely out of hearing, Miss Blackburn, turned to her neighbour with the remark, "I like that young lady. I don't quite know why."

"Don't you?" he answered, with a smile which became almost sad when her gaze no longer rested on him.

"No. It is so seldom I 'take a liking' to any one, much less to one of the tribe of *demoiselles*. But this is an exceptional case—at least I think so; though one can hardly judge upon a two hours' acquaintance. How long have you known her?"

"Some months," he replied, bending closer towards some point in the painting which he was examining.

"Indeed! Since you were at Hillington, then?"

"I believe I had met Mr. Dynevor before that. Surely you must have heard me speak of Mr. Dynevor."

"Yes; I remember. She is his daughter? And where did you meet them?"

"At the Grants," said Mr. Avarne, beginning to fancy his mother's old friend less agreeable than he had ever before known her.

"At the Grants? Ah!"

Miss Blackburn checked the sigh—not so quickly, however, but that her companion detected it, and the half bitter, half sorrowful expression which passed over her face. Strangely enough, it seemed to communicate a deeper gloom to his own. He became very thoughtful, and it was fortunate that Miss Blackburn's humor chimed so far with his, that she never noticed his taciturnity. Upon their silence, Mrs. Lumley's lively rattle of words fell like a sharp down-dropping of hail.

"Well, good people all, have you seen enough? What inveterate picture-gazers you are!" she cried, in very honest astonishment. "Not for the world would I disturb you, or cut short your enjoyment; but—Miss Dynevor and I have had our little talk very satisfactorily, and I have heard my horses pawing the ground this last half-hour. So, if you are quite ready—"

Of course, thus adjured, everybody was quite ready, and two minutes saw the ladies in the carriage, and Mr. Avarne standing by the step in some seeming hesitation.

"Oh, nonsense! You come with us, of course," said the fair mistress of the pawing steeds. "We are going for a drive; there is plenty of time, and I want to show Miss Dynevor the road leading towards River View. Do come."

Apparently the last entreaty was irresistible, and Mr. Avarne got in. Anne had carefully looked another way while the discussion was pending; but there could be no reason now why she should do so. It was only courteous

to look pleased, besides being a great relief to look as she felt, which Anne very much preferred doing when she could.

Mr. Avarne having decided on accompanying the ladies, appeared resolved also to render his companionship not unwelcome. His gloom disappeared. It was not that he spoke more frequently than before, or with any definite difference either of tone or manner. But there was a change. The subjects on which he talked were bright—were living, wholesome, energizing. He saw, and made the others see, the clearness of the spring sky far towards the west, and away from the cloud-hung city, whence they were going. Miss Blackburn's occasional sarcastic utterances met from him with no sympathy, no support. If he could not at once show that she saw falsely the thing whereon she bestowed the biting civilities of her attention, he at least succeeded in impressing the probability that she had as yet viewed but one, and that the least fair side of the object of her censure. In the haven of his geniality and forbearance, all found a shelter; even Mrs. Lumley's platitudes were met by something wiser than mockery, and her unconsciously apparent worldliness rebuked by something holier than a sneer.

It was a pleasant drive. The two hours it occupied were happy hours to Anne, at least. Quietly she sat, and silent, except when silence might have risked remark; but, whether mute or speaking, ever listening and observant. She could not afford to miss a syllable; she grudged the loss of a gesture or a glance. This was one of her harvest times, wherein she gathered up the treasures of the summer bounty, and garnered them in her heart. How often would they serve for sustenance, in the days when the sunshine should be hid behind clouds—"the days that are cold, and dark, and dreary?" Anne would not trouble herself by seeking an answer to this question, which yet involuntarily occurred to her more than once.

They were returning. They were drawing near that part of the town where Anne lived, already wearing its afternoon robe of fog—yellow, and dense, and suffocating; redolent of smoke and city odors, oppressive and pestiferous to the eyes which beheld, as to the lungs which inhaled it. It was coming back to reality indeed—a cheerless reality, neither so natural nor so beautiful as the dream which had preceded it. Anne woke with a shiver. Never had the unwholesome suburb appeared so dismal to her; never had the narrow streets looked so dirty and squalid, nor the better rows of "genteel" houses so dingy, tasteless, and angular. The shrill cries of the ragged children playing or fighting with each other—the angry voices of one or two women disputing outside a public-house—the monotonous whine of a beggar on the pavement—and the loud, hoarse shouting of a ballad-singer on the road; here was a

fitting accompaniment of sound to all visible environments.

Miss Blackburn was looking round her, with her usual alert air of observation, this time mingled with some deeper feeling of interest and concern. She glanced silently at Anne, over whose countenance had grown a sort of mist too impalpable to be thought of as a cloud, but still shadowing it as a cloud might have done. Mrs. Lumley had also been looking about, with the very evident discomfort and revulsion which minds of a certain calibre always manifest when brought into contact with that which is at once strange and physically disagreeable to their perceptions. She was not in the habit of reflecting much before she spoke; whatever was passing in her thoughts, was tolerably certain of finding immediate utterance. It was the case now.

"This is a most unpleasant part of London," she began, in happy unconsciousness that her companions were all rendered more or less uneasy by her frank declaration. "I should think it can't be healthy, either; so close, so smoky, and lying so low, too. Do you find it agree with your family, Miss Dynevor?"

"Do people ever find London agree with them, I wonder?" was Miss Blackburn's timely interruption. "If they do, I pity them. I'd rather die in it, than love to live in it. Ay, Mrs. Lumley, to your face I say so!"

"My father likes London," said Anne, feeling constrained to say something, "and he is attached to this part of it, from association. We have lived here ever since I can remember."

"Oh, I am aware of Mr. Dynevor's love of London," cried Mrs. Lumley, her ideas thus luckily directed into a new channel; "he is an old ally of mine on the subject. He quite sympathizes with Charles Lamb and me."

"Do you know I'm sincerely sorry to find you so creditably supported," declared Miss Blackburn, bluntly. Then turning to Anne, with a softened voice she resumed, "I hope, however, that you do not share the paternal predilection for a town life?"

"No," said Anne, impulsively, "unfortunately, no."

"Why do you say *unfortunately*?" Miss Blackburn asked.

Anne, looking up, met Mr. Avarne's earnest gaze, which was, besides, something more than earnest. She looked down again—agitated, but in such a sort that all things, past, present, and future, were for the moment transfigured. The happiness overflowed—trembled at her lips—shone liquidly in her eyes. It was well she kept them drooped.

"I don't know why I said so," she answered, faltering. It had been an almost insuperable difficulty to speak at all, and she deserved credit for accomplishing the feat—none guessed how much.

"You could not mean it, I'm sure," said Miss

Blackburn, kindly, explaining in her own way, Anne's disturbance of manner. "And I trust you will demonstrate your love of the country by coming very soon to visit your friends there."

"Oh, yes; I forgot that. Miss Dynevor often stays with the Grants," observed Mrs. Lumley; "you will see her at Hillington before the summer is over, no doubt. A curious coincidence!"

The carriage stopped at Anne's door. There was no time for more than a brief farewell; for Mrs. Lumley appeared to be slightly *ennuyée*, and impatient for new scenes and new faces. Mr. Avarne stood ready to assist Miss Dynevor to alight. She found self-possession in time duly to thank Mrs. Lumley for the drive, and to receive, with propriety, a more than ordinarily impressive valediction from Miss Blackburn. Then she sprang to the ground, just touching the hand extended to her aid; and, without looking again at the face of the owner of the hand, passed quickly into the house.

"She seems an amiable girl," was Mrs. Lumley's comment, as they drove off, "although without any of her father's brilliant talent, or her sister's brilliant beauty."

"Her sister is a beauty, then?" questioned Miss Blackburn. "It was she of whom I heard my brother speak. He met her at your party last night, did he not?"

"Yes; Major Blackburn admired her exceedingly. He will see her again at my birth-day fête. I advise him to take care of his heart?"

Miss Blackburn made no reply. It became incumbent on Mr. Avarne to take the very flimsy ball of conversation from the fair widow, and keep it in the continual and easy motion which best pleased that lady; a manoeuvre which he executed with much credit to himself, and satisfaction to his companion.

Anne had learned from the servant who opened the door, that her mother and Helen were out, and her father busy writing. Welcome news to the full heart, to the disturbed mind in which reigned chaos indeed, but the chaos as of a young, new world—untried, unsullied, undarkened.

She fled up to her own room, and locked the door.

Alone with her happiness, it is not for alien eyes to look on its first tears; it is not for human ears to listen to its first utterances. Those tears—those wordless utterances, half thanksgiving and half inspiration, rose as an incense, and returned upon her soul like dew; refreshing, leaving peace, a sweet and ordered calm, and silent thoughts, gentle and loving, infinitely patient, and all-hopeful. Something after this sort, might their dumbness have been translated:

"I will never—I shall never be depondent again. It is not possible for fate to take this happiness from me. It is mine—mine. *It has been.* It can never be blotted away—torn out. Let what will happen to me—to him, even—he

loves me now! I guessed—I almost felt it before. I know it to-day. . . . I am strong—I can bear all things, I think. The memory of this past hour will be always close at my heart; cheering it when it is troubled, supporting it when it is sore tried. I am content—oh, how content! Even should there never be another memory to dwell with it; if it always rests isolated, apart from, and different to all around it—a drop of light in an ocean of leaden and cloud-covered gloom—it will be there—must be there, unchanged and unchangeable. I thank God!"

And all this gladness present, and anticipation of content and courage to come, with which Anne sallied forth from her chamber, arose out of a look! Verily, it is a piteous thing that a woman should ever be—as she is often, alas!—crushed into the dust with misery; seeing what a little thing sufficeth to raise her into a very delirium of bliss.

#### CHAPTER IV.—TROUBLE AT HOME, AND GAIETY ABROAD.

"Anne has been unusually bright these last two or three days, I think," Mr. Dynevor observed to his wife one evening, as they sat by the fire; Helen being away with some friends at the theatre, and the subject of his remark having gone up stairs with the children. "Always cheerful as her aspect is, it is now something more. She not only looks serene, she looks happy."

"Happy!" echoed Mrs. Dynevor, with an inflection of voice almost as tragic as Pauline Deschappelles' celebrated utterance of the adjective. Indeed, the poor lady had been in a more than ordinarily tragic mood the whole day, in consequence of a combination of various domestic disasters and vexations peculiarly trying to her spirit. "I wish I were capable of throwing off my cares and anxieties as easily as other people do," she continued, jerking her needle so emphatically, that the frail darning-cotton broke. "Nothing seems to trouble some people. No one feels the constant miseries we are suffering under as I do."

"Would it materially add to your comfort to have a companion in distress, my dear?" her husband asked; "because, I have no doubt, Anne, or Helen, or I (to whom I conclude you allude, under the dignified disguise of 'some people'), could oblige you by getting up a very respectable show of despondency at the shortest notice. I am sure, Mary," he added, putting aside his air of banter, and assuming a kinder, as well as a more serious tone, "you are too reasonable, and too affectionate a mother, to feel anything but pleasure and relief in the happy looks of your children."

"No one can accuse me of want of love for my children," his wife answered, with something

like a sob. "Goodness knows, if it were not for them, I should not care—I should never grieve."

"And I know it too," rejoined Mr. Dynevor, with an effort to smile off her lugubriousness, and his own consequent annoyance. "But come—, I was speaking of our Anne. I am glad to see the underlying light in her eyes, the elastic spring in her step, the ease with which her mouth relaxes into smiles. She was never so much a girl as now—not at fifteen. It delights me—puzzles me also. What has changed her thus within a week?"

"It is since she went to the Grants. No doubt her visit did her good. And when people feel well, it naturally puts them in spirits—young people, especially."

"Ah, but not Anne. Well or ill, she is always her sweet, quiet, cheerful self. It is mental well-being that shines in her face now. After all, it is perhaps enough to see it, and be grateful, without seeking to penetrate into its cause."

"But I don't know that," said Mrs. Dynevor, with some vivacity; "if there is a cause, I should like to find it out. And now I remember, Helen told me—Helen has said more than once, that she thinks Anne likes Edward Grant. They were always great friends—it is a likely case enough. And I should be glad—satisfied for her to marry him."

"Nevertheless," observed the father, musingly, "it is rather an odd interpretation of Anne's unwonted brightness—that she loves Edward Grant. In a day or two he sails for India."

"Yes; but you know he has an excellent appointment there, by which he will make a handsome fortune in a very few years."

"How do you know that is the case, my dear? How do you know he has this 'excellent appointment?'"

"Of course he has. What else should he go away for? People don't go to Calcutta for change of air," rejoined Mrs. Dynevor. "Nothing can be more promising than his prospects. And I dare say Anne sees that, and is contented. When he returns with a sufficient income, no doubt they will be married. It is much better than beginning life on the comparatively small stipend he would have had here from his profession. Anne is a sensible girl."

Mr. Dynevor was inclined to doubt the justice of the eulogium thus applied, highly as he thought of his eldest daughter's sense. But he said nothing.

"That is it, you may be quite certain," went on Mrs. Dynevor, beginning to be pleased with her own hypothesis, "and that is the reason of her sudden light-heartedness. You know it is such a comfort to a woman to feel her prospects in life assured. I remember, Edmund, when I was first engaged to you, how happy I was!

Ah, dear me! It seemed quite a different world."

"And were you especially joyful when I had to leave you, that year I went to the Continent?"

"Well, no; I was miserable enough, to be sure. But then, you see, our engagement was so uncertain; it seemed even so hopeless, sometimes. It is a very different case with Anne and Mr. Grant. They have only to wait, and may be quite at ease."

"My dear, all mundane considerations set aside, do you think people who love one another can ever be 'quite at ease,' with several thousand miles between them? Could you? No! nor your daughter, either. Besides, it is impossible that Anne should have engaged herself to Edward Grant, or any one else, without informing her father and mother."

"I'm not so sure of that, Edmund," persisted his wife; "you have no idea how quiet Anne is about things—how silent she can be."

"When it is advisable to be quiet—when it is right to be silent. But in the present instance, it is neither. I don't believe in this engagement."

"And I feel convinced of it, my dear," concluded Mrs. Dynevor; "and I'll have a talk myself with Anne about it."

"On no account," peremptorily cried her husband. "Her secret, if she has one, shall not be extorted or surprised from her. And if, as I believe, your suspicions are groundless, it would be worse than useless to suffer her to see them. Don't say a word to her upon the subject."

"Well, then, I'll ask Helen. You can have no objection to my speaking to Helen. And she may know, or guess something. I should like to be certain."

"Speak to Helen, if you wish, though I don't see much use in your doing so. But be careful that Anne knows nothing of your inquiry."

"I'll take care."

And, to do her justice, Mrs. Dynevor was very effectual in her precautions. Anne remained entirely unconscious of the conjectures respecting herself which were current in the family. Her thoughts and her feelings being at this time more introverted than was usual with her, her naturally acute observation and womanly quickness of perception were, if not blunted, partially sheathed, so to speak. She did not perceive the involuntary earnestness with which her father often regarded her, nor the glances of smiling intelligence which were occasionally exchanged between her mother and Helen. She was happily unaware of the general gaze directed towards her one morning, when Mr. Dynevor read aloud the announcement of the sailing of the ship for Calcutta, which, as they all knew, bore Edward Grant on board. Little she guessed the conclusions

drawn from her rapid change of color as she listened; her thoughtfulness afterwards, and the downcast look which her face wore for some time that day.

The misapprehension must have corrected itself before long, but, unfortunately, new and serious themes arose to distract the attention of all. Anne's fears for her father's health were but too soon justified. The day before that fixed for Mrs. Lumley's festivity (to which both the sisters had prepared to go), Mr. Dynevor was unable to leave his bed; and, in the course of the morning, the usual pain and oppression in the head, from which he suffered after overwork, became so violent, that both in the hope of relieving him, and to satisfy their own anxiety, Anne sent for Dr. Rogerson. When he came, his prescription was one given twenty times before, but reiterated now with additional and impressive gravity.

"Rest, perfect rest, mental and physical. My dear Miss Anne," he continued, turning to the pale and anxious daughter, whom he had known since her early childhood, "you must watch your father; you must keep him from pen and ink, as you would from poison."

"I will—I will!" she cried, eagerly and earnestly.

Poor girl!—this new sorrow brought with it the sting of remorse. She reproached herself bitterly for the self-engrossment of the last few days, which, she fancied, had prevented her from seeing in time, the symptoms of fatigue and exhaustion which generally heralded her father's illnesses.

If she had, indeed, failed in her usual watchfulness, she at least did her best now to repair the default. With her characteristic quiet decision, she set about the various duties which now it became necessary to fulfill. Her mother, totally prostrated in the first shock of such a calamity as her husband's serious illness, was unable either to direct the household, or to officiate as nurse, with the mingled thoughtfulness and patience, quickness and gentleness, which so nervously sensitive a patient required. It was Anne to whom every one looked for direction, as well as for assistance. And it was not probable that they would look in vain.

The idea of going to Mrs. Lumley's the next day was, of course, immediately abandoned. She could have hated herself for the pang of disappointment which she yet found it impossible to repress, although it was perfectly concealed from all observation; so well, indeed, that Helen said to her mother, "No doubt she was glad to escape the infliction of a gay party, in which she never took much delight. It could be no sacrifice to her." Anne heard the remark, and sighed over her own successful show of indifference.

Helen never pretended to a similar philosophy. She frankly avowed her desire to go, and



consulted with Anne on the best means of attaining her wish.

"You know, dear Anne, I can be of no use at home. There is a plurality of nurses already. Why should I not go?"

"If you so greatly wish it," said Anne, in a half-constrained and hesitating tone, "under the circumstances——"

"Indeed, Anne, I *do* greatly, earnestly wish it," returned Helen, with singular impressiveness; "you don't know; you can't guess how much. I have set my heart upon it—there are reasons——"

Anne might, in all simplicity, have inquired what were these reasons; or, at least, might have hazarded some conjecture of her own as to their nature; but at this moment her mother's voice sounding from the sick-room, summoned her away. And her thoughts being turned into another channel, the details of Helen's mysterious earnestness passed from her mind. She only remembered the fact itself, that the young girl was eagerly desirous of leaving the anxious and disturbed household, for the brilliant festivities at Mrs. Lumley's. And such being the fact, the elder sister hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry, when circumstances led to the gratification of what, nevertheless, seemed an almost unnatural desire. Some friends sent, offering to take the sisters in their carriage to Chiswick, the next day; and the difficulty of transit thus removed, there appeared to be no obstacle to Helen's departure, if she herself saw and felt none.

Mrs. Dynevor was too much absorbed in the trouble of the time to take more than a passing share in the discussion; although, had this been otherwise, the result, no doubt, would have been the same. Helen would like to go, and it had been her habit, since Helen's infancy, to indulge her in every practicable matter. Therefore, her consent was inevitable, and once given, nothing more was said to her on the subject. She seemed to think of it as little. All other considerations, even this of her favorite child, were swallowed up in the one overwhelming anxiety. Even her peevishness, her fretfulness ceased to be; the usual sources of irritation appeared innocuous for the time being; it seemed as if they were forgotten or crushed out, under the weight of this heaviest trial of all.

At times like these, she clung instinctively to Anne, as her aid and support under difficulty. Helen was the petted darling of her ordinary life; but when unusual circumstances brought unusual qualities into play, Helen was little so-lace, and no assistance. She had said truly—and alas! had felt no shame in the avowal—that "she could be of no use at home." It was probably less as a loss, than as an unrecognized relief, that Helen's absence would be felt by the harassed and disorganized family. And this, too, although she was not unamiable in her home

relations, and was generally liked for her liveliness, her easy good nature, and that demonstratively affectionate disposition which is always sure to be popular—popularity, domestic, as well as public, commonly choosing to link itself with kindred shallowness and superficiality.

But there are epochs which are as the touchstone both to character and to popular estimation of it; and this was of them. So Helen—whose besetting sin was the fault most fatal to the beauty of a woman's character, *selfishness*—fostered by her mother's weak indulgence, till it was entirely ignorant of its own existence—Helen left the home, now clouded more than ever by the shadow of sickness, without any troublesome consciousness of the unloveliness, the unwomanly callousness of which she was thus guilty. She did not, or would not believe that her father's illness was anything serious; and, moreover, she had easily persuaded herself into the conviction, that her peace of mind, the happiness of her whole future, depended on her meeting Mr. Avarne at Mrs. Lumley's. She *must* go.

Anne had decided upon false premises, that it was impossible her sister could be in love with Mr. Avarne. To love, in the higher and holier sense, indeed, was not in Helen's nature, which as yet was too light—too readily and rapidly impressed—to be capable of receiving a deep or indelible impression. But, like most girls, she had her dreams; and she was one of the many who dream of love, and take the vision for the reality. It was natural enough that she should fix on Mr. Avarne for the hero of her romance, simply, because he was the only person with whom she came in sufficiently frequent contact. It might always be noted, that after any unusual experience of society, Helen's enthusiasm palpably cooled; her allusions to Mr. Avarne became less frequent, and more measured in their laudation. In one of Helen's temperament, these differences of outward manifestation denoted very faithfully the change in the feelings with which she regarded him. When she had much time to herself, her thoughts were apt to range in the one direction, fostering the species of sentiment she chose to call by a holier name. Much staying at home, and fresh endurances of the unromantic distresses of that home, were sure to bring Helen's state of mind to a crisis. This was the case now. She was flushed with agitation, trembling with the excitement of a vague expectancy, as she set out for Chiswick. She had bade adieu to her mother and sister with her usual lavishness of caresses and fond words, and tears, too, always ready of coming to her eyes; but, whether evoked by the pale and anxious looks of those she was leaving behind, or by some sensitiveness more personal to herself, it would be hard to say.

The children followed her to the door, and stood to see her enter the carriage—Albert, his

hands in his pockets, and with an air of grim, condescending interest; and little Grace, her eyes widely opened in wondering admiration of Helen's freshly trimmed bonnet and new silk dress, the attainment of which luxuries had been compassed with considerable difficulty and much ingenious contrivance on the part of all the female members of the family. It was impossible to deny that Helen looked exceedingly attractive. There was about her a more than ordinary degree of that bloom of youth which is almost pathetic in its intangible and mysterious beauty—undefined as a mist, colorless as air, yet radiant and glorifying as sunlight.

"Sister Helen looks like a queen, I think," remarked Grace, with the true childish idea of regal attributes; "don't you think so, Albert?"

That young gentleman's knowledge of the world was far too great to permit him to give the anticipated assent. He pondered gravely for a minute or two, as they still stood by the open door. Then, as he drew her into the house with a dignified assumption of fraternal care, he let fall a few sober syllables:—"You don't know much about queens, I expect, Grace. Come in—it's cold."

And not till the little girl was safely out of hearing, did he relieve his mind by muttering to himself—

"A nice selfish queen, I know; going off to balls, when everybody is miserable. I don't like it!"

The next day, at least, Albert's somewhat prematurely gloomy view of affairs was amply justified. Everybody was miserable enough. The expected improvement in Mr. Dynevor's state had not taken place, and the doctor looked graver than ever. He said little at the time, but promised to call again as he returned from his rounds; and left poor Mrs. Dynevor thoroughly prostrated in helpless despair by the bedside of her husband, who lay in the heavy, stupified, fevered sleep, which alternated with his more painful intervals of waking restlessness. Anne stood near, pale and tearless, but feeling that inward shivering of the heart which tells us, before we dare acknowledge it to ourselves, that we stand in the shadow of coming danger to the loved.

When the doctor had gone, Mrs. Dynevor gave free vent to her grief. Anne came to her side, and gently essayed to comfort and reassure her.

"Oh, Anne—Anne—your father!" was all the wife kept saying; the tone of her lamentations inconceivably ennobled by the extremity of the sorrow that gave rise to them. "If only your father were well again, we could bear everything!"

"Be hopeful—let us all be hopeful," Anne said, while her own spirit was sinking within her—"better still, let us have faith."

The words strengthened herself even as she uttered them. And presently Mrs. Dynevor dried her tears, and looked up, with a quieter melancholy settled on her countenance.

There was a light tap at the door; and little Grace entered. Her cheeks were dimpled with half-suppressed smiles, her eyes glistening with some childish consciousness of drollery, in strange contrast to the aspect of those in the sick room.

"There is such a funny man down stairs," she began, and then stopped, her face instinctively drooping, as she noticed the depressed looks of her mother and sister. Everything was forgotten but the quick desire to show sympathy—a characteristic inseparable from simple, unperverted childhood—girl-childhood, especially—and she ran up to Anne with eager kisses and broken words:—

"Oh, sister Anne! Is papa—dear papa—worse?"

"Not worse, dear, I trust; but no better," whispered Anne. "Don't cry, or mamma will be sad again. We must all keep as cheerful as we can. What did you come to tell us?"

She had drawn her away from the bed-side, and out of hearing of Mrs. Dynevor. Grace, in a subdued tone, resumed her mission.

"A man came and wanted to see papa. Rebecca said he was not at home, and I was in the passage, and ran and said he was at home, but he was ill, in bed. And the man came in, and said something about my telling the truth, and being a good little girl, so funnily, sister Anne, you can't think."

"What sort of a man? What does he want?" Anne was asking with a vague sickening kind of fear, when she detected a stir on the stairs outside the door.

"Run to mamma, Grace, and stay with her till I come," she hurriedly said, and then passed quickly from the room, closing the door behind her, very firmly, the little girl thought.

"Where has Anne gone?" cried Mrs. Dynevor, uneasily; "go and tell her she must not stay away long, Grace. If papa wakes, he must have his sago."

"I know how to give papa his sago," said Grace, eagerly; "I've seen Anne pour it out of the little saucepan into this cup often. Let me do it."

Her mother consented, and superintended the operation. Fortunately, therefore, Anne was not followed, and they remained quietly in the chamber till Mr. Dynevor awoke. As always, his first confused gaze around him was in search of Anne; his first words were an inquiry for her.

"She will be here directly," said Mrs. Dynevor; adding numberless questions as to how he felt, how he had slept, etc. But these asked and answered, the invalid recurred to his own demand.

"Where is Anne? I wish Anne would come."

"She has gone to see —" began the ingenuous little Grace. But the disclosure was prevented by the reëtrance of Anne herself.

She looked less calm than usual. There was an indescribable appearance in her face, which any one who knew the circumstances would at once have recognized as compounded half of a shrinking, scared remembrance of something passed; and half of dread and apprehension of that which was yet to come. Happily, however, no suspicions were aroused, and therefore, no observation. Grace, who began a question about the "funny man," was easily interrupted, and presently taken aside, and happily established with a story-book on a stool by the fire.

"Sit quietly there, dear, and don't run about or talk, lest you disturb papa."

And then Anne seated herself beside the bed, and prepared to read the day's newspaper to her father, as she was wont during his illness. She tried hard to steady her voice to make her utterance distinct. It was beyond her power, however, to continue the effort for very long; more especially as her ears were eagerly strained all the while to catch every sound in the house below.

"I can't hear—I can't understand," complained Mr. Dynevor, at length. "Mary, will you read?"

While Mrs. Dynevor resumed the leading article, Anne constrained herself to remain quietly in her chair, her fingers busied with some needlework, on which it seemed as if her whole attention was fixed. It was her father's deep-drawn breathing that aroused her, and Mrs. Dynevor simultaneously looked up, and ceased her measured delivery of the "Times" majestic periods.

"Asleep again!" said she in an alarmed tone; "how much he sleeps! I'm afraid it cannot be a good sign, Anne."

"Dr. Rogerson said, the more rest he had, the better it would be. It will —"

Here Albert entered the room with an odd look of half-frightened mystery in his face.

"Sister Anne—Mr. Thorpe —"

Anne rose quickly from her seat.

"I'm coming, Albert. I'll speak to you directly."

"What is the matter? For heaven's sake, tell me what is the matter?" cried Mrs. Dynevor, with vague terror.

"Hush, dear mamma. Don't let us wake my father. I will tell you all in a minute," whispered Anne, her courage and presence of mind returning to her. "Albert has been to fetch Mr. Thorpe. I thought it best, since he knows about papa's affairs. He will arrange—he will settle — Oh, mamma, compose yourself! For all our sakes be calm!"

It was some time before Mrs. Dynevor could be calm. She would know all; nothing must be kept from her; but when Anne, in obedience to the injunction, proceeded to explain to her, in a low tone, all that she herself knew and comprehended, the overwhelmed lady could only burst into incoherent expressions of misery and despair.

"Your poor father so ill; and now this new calamity! What is to become of us, Anne? Tell me—tell me—what is to become of us all?"

"Speak lower, dear mamma," pleaded Anne, anxiously; "the children are here, and it is better that they should not know."

There was a pause. The afflicted Mrs. Dynevor really strove to command herself, and at last began to shed her tears in silence. Anne, standing beside her, regarded her with a sad and troubled gaze, which sometimes wandered to the children—Albert alert and inquiring, but puzzled; and little Grace, with her innocent eyes raised in utter wonderment of what was going on.

"And now," said Anne, presently, when her mother appeared to be restored to something like composure, "will you see Mr. Thorpe, mamma, or shall I?"

"I see him? Oh, my dear, how can I see him? What could I say —"

"Then I must. He ought not to be kept waiting longer. But—but"—hesitated Anne, shrinking a little from the solitariness of the encounter—"if—you would just go into the room with me, mamma, it would be easier."

"Oh, I cannot—I cannot," cried Mrs. Dynevor quickly. "How can I leave your father?"

"True—true," murmured Anne, almost in compunction. And with no further hesitation, she left the room.

When she returned to it, about an hour afterwards, her father was awake, and talking to Dr. Rogerson, who, according to his promise, had again called to see him. Mrs. Dynevor sat by, but started up with uncontrollable anxiety as she caught the eye of her daughter. A look quieted her, and she resumed her seat. Anne approached the bed-side.

"There is an improvement here within these three hours," said Dr. Rogerson, with a cheerful smile; "our patient will soon slip from our hands, Miss Anne, if all goes on well, now."

He turned to leave the room as he spoke, and by a look drew Anne and her mother after him.

"He is certainly better," said he, when they were all gathered outside the door; "and will continue to improve, I trust, daily—hourly. But there is something yet to be done to insure his complete restoration. Immediately he is strong enough to bear a journey, he should be removed to the sea-side. The fresh bracing air, the quiet of the country, will do more to strengthen

him than fifty physicians, and all the drugs in Apothecaries' Hall to boot."

"But it is impossible!" began Mrs. Dynevor, almost in a shriek.

"No—no—no!" cried Anne, hastily entreating her silence; "nothing is impossible, if it be necessary to my father's health."

"I assure you of its necessity," the doctor returned, gravely. "Mr. Dynevor may—will, no doubt—get better, as he has frequently done before from similar attacks, so as to resume his ordinary avocations for a time. But it will only be for a time. No permanent good will be effected, but by vigorous means and a radical change, such as I have advised. It is not the first time I have made the suggestion," he added, with some emphasis, "but I was never so convinced, as now, of its serious importance."

"Since that is the case," said Anne, quietly, as he left them, "we will lose no time in conveying my father to some country place on the coast."

"How can we? What are you thinking of? What do you intend to do?" cried Mrs. Dynevor, bewildered, and half stupefied.

"Listen to me for a minute, dear mamma," replied Anne, in a low voice, "and I will tell you."

That same morning opened brightly on Mrs. Lumley's gay party assembled at River View. Helen looked forth from the window of her pretty chamber, on a scene, clear, sunshiny, and spring-like, although the bright fire burning within the room was sufficiently welcome. Helen found it pleasant to sit beside it, during the half-hour that would elapse before the breakfast-bell summoned the various guests down-stairs. And the half-hour passed in retrospection and meditation.

First, she recalled all the incidents which had as yet characterized her stay. These were not many. Last night there had been music and dancing, chess, and acted-charades. She had taken part in many of these amusements, but somehow, without deriving any great enjoyment from any of them. Mr. Avarne was there when she arrived, and she could not help noticing, with some wonder, his look of blank disappointment, as she made her sister Anne's excuses to Mrs. Lumley. He came up to her afterwards, and talked for a little while; at first, on indifferent subjects—then about home, but without naming Anne, an omission, the infinite suggestiveness of which Helen had not yet learned to understand. After that, he had left her, and she had seen him during the evening, either playing chess or bending over a book in some quiet corner of the room. Mrs. Lumley rallying him on his unusual gravity, he had joined in the general conversation, with all apparent ease and enjoyment. A very keen observer might have detected the effort it was to

him; how forced was his gaiety, and how absent he sometimes was, in spite of himself. Helen was not that acute observer, although she watched him closely.

That she had the opportunity of doing this, showed that she herself had not been so happily engrossed in the society around her, as she possibly anticipated that she should be. And, in fact, among the many brilliant beauties whom Mrs. Lumley had gathered together, Helen's attractions, if not absolutely overlooked, did not meet with the ready admiration and general homage which she had delightedly experienced more than once before. She felt in some degree *de trop* among the groups of graceful girls and surrounding cavaliers, who, all more or less intimate with each other, talked and laughed together about things, places, and persons that were entirely unfamiliar to Helen. It had been a relief to speak and be spoken to by one whom she knew so well as she knew Mr. Avarne. It was more than a relief, it was positive happiness, when, late in the evening, he came up to her again, and seated himself beside the table where she had stationed herself, drearily enough, to look at some prints. She was blissfully unconscious of the melancholy aspect she had worn; and still less was she aware that it had aroused Mr. Avarne's notice, and sent him to her side with an instinct of something more like compassion than he would have chosen even himself to recognize. It was not unnatural, therefore, that Helen should see nothing in his manner—always peculiarly and chivalrously courteous to women—but that which afforded her complete and almost undisguisable delight.

But as she sat, musing on these past incidents in the cold light of the early morning, they did not wear quite so rosy an appearance as she could have wished. She was not able to free herself from a certain doubt and anxiety, about what she hardly cared to comprehend too clearly. The probability that Mr. Avarne cared for Anne—albeit it had strangely and wilfully occurred to her before, more than once—was to be rejected with the utmost disdain. It was out of the question—out of all likelihood, she said to herself, with almost angry decision. And even if he did so—to assume for a moment such an utter absurdity—Anne was in love with Edward Grant; that was quite certain.

Yet of this, Helen in her inmost heart was not quite certain, although she had originally suggested its probability, and she knew that her mother implicitly believed it to be the case.

"She is perhaps actually engaged to Edward Grant," Helen said to herself, firmly—half-defiantly; "at any rate, it is absolutely sure that she never cared for Mr. Avarne." And Helen was sincere in this belief, at least. Anne had guarded her secret well. "Supposing he loved her, it would be entirely hopeless. The sooner he knows that, the better. That is—" and she corrected even her thoughts, with a provok-



ed impatience; "it would be so, if it were likely that he is at all concerned in the matter."

Thus she mused; her musings ending as they began, in uncertainty on all points. She passed down stairs, prepared to enter on the ceaseless whirl of gaiety, the business of the day, with a vague uneasiness clouding her mind and a feeling of restless discomfort, which for awhile made her almost wish to be at home again. Ah, that home! For the first time, the thought of the trouble she had left there smote her with real pain. The expression of her face was quite sad as she came into the breakfast-room, where in most of Mrs. Lumley's guests were already assembled.

The hostess, enthroned on a sofa at one end of the long apartment, was surrounded by a laughing circle, to whom she was proposing and explaining various plans for their amusement.

"Where is my secretary? Mr. Levison, please to put down the list of names for this riding party. Miss Dundas, you shall have my own 'White Lady'; she is as gentle as a lamb, and as obedient as — Ah, Miss Poole, you and your sister have yet to give your decision. Now, ladies and gentlemen," continued the animated lady, with a dramatic wave of her handkerchief, "give your votes! Are you for riding, driving, or walking? for the billiard-room or the library? the boudoir or the gardens? Wilkie and Gainsborough in the picture-gallery? or —"

"Battledore and shuttlecock in the saloon?" suggested her secretary, wickedly cutting short her somewhat ostentatious catalogue.

"Oh, it is no use proposing that amusement," pathetically interposed the languid beauty lounging on an adjacent ottoman; "our prime *aide* in all those sort of things is unhappily not present. Sir Charles Hamilton kept it up for seventeen hundred and twenty times without stopping, last year, at General Gray's."

"I'm so disappointed Sir Charles couldn't come to me," explained Mrs. Lumley; "but he said he was going to Paris —"

"He is such a charming man," resumed the young lady: "so clever! The best *valseur* in London, and writes the loveliest poetry."

"He has just published a volume of verses," said Mr. Levison, gravely, "which no doubt prevents his being amongst us to-day."

"Oh—I wish —" began Mrs. Lumley.

"Everybody wishes the same thing, my dear madam," remarked the secretary, dismally, as he sharpened the point of his official pencil; "but he *would* rush into print."

"And all his friends are very sorry for him," apologetically added a cynical-looking gentleman, one of Mrs. Lumley's literary "lions," who stood by.

Into this buzzing throng Helen entered, and, half abashed, gladly took refuge in the recess of one of the windows. She did not perceive that it was already tenanted, until Mr. Avarne rose

from behind the heavy curtain and greeted her. Then they both looked out upon the smooth lawn, with quaintly shaped *parterres* embossing its surface, and the belt of evergreens, and tall, leafless trees, which shut in the domain on that side.

"There is not much food for speculation in garden scenery like this," observed Mr. Avarne, smiling, after they had remained for some time in silence, "or else I am particularly dull in finding it. I can only offer you a remark on the weather. I think we shall have a fine day. Don't you?"

Helen answered, laughing and blushing. Her companion looked at her young, fresh face, with evident kindness, and a frank admiration which it was impossible not to feel.

"Which of these exploring parties in search of pleasure do you intend joining?" he presently said, after a second pause, during which the talking and jesting from the farther end of the room had distinctly reached them. "Do you ride?"

"No. I never was on horseback in my life. I think I should be afraid."

"In that case, the experiment had better be left for a future occasion. You will find plenty of amusement in other directions." There was again a brief silence. He resumed, suddenly, "But I wonder you don't ride. I think I have heard your sister say that she —"

"Oh, yes! Anne is very fond of riding. Edward Grant is a first-rate equestrian, and he used to give her lessons when she was staying with them."

Mr. Avarne's countenance remained unchanged; but it was some minutes before he continued speaking.

"The Grants have already established themselves in Sussex, I believe," he said, somewhat absently; "they were to start on the day that Edward sailed. Their removal to such a distance will be a great loss to your family—will it not?"

"I don't know," returned Helen, with a hesitation that her companion did not fail to perceive, and to interpret in his own way. "I think—that is—Anne was the only one who saw much of them; and now, I suppose —"

To this sentence, when it had finally floated off into silence, no reply was made. And, just then, Mrs. Lumley sailed up to them, her approach announced by the rustling of silks, and the jingling of chains and bracelets, as well as by her busy clattering tongue.

"Oh, there you are, are you? Now, I wonder what treason you have been plotting in this safe concealment?" was her greeting, as she shook hands with Helen, and smiled her most fascinating smile at Mr. Avarne. "Don't you know I've been needing you every minute, to help me in my arrangements? I'm in the greatest distress! Major Blackburn has failed in his promise to come, as you see. Mr. Levison declares he has

an engagement in town, which he cannot possibly get off; and two of my dancing young men have disappointed me altogether. Here is a combination of annoyances! We shall actually be reduced to a state of the most pitiable necessity—of partners. Not enough to make up our double quadrille this evening, to say nothing of the polka, which is never danced well unless there are several couples. Isn't it lamentable? Miss Dynevor, I know *you* will sympathize. But—Mr. Avarne?"

He bowed with grave politeness.

"Can't you help us? Condescend for once—now do! I know *you* can dance if you choose. Will you, on this especial occasion, to oblige me? One polka!"

"I thought you knew, my dear Mrs. Lumley, that my education has been neglected, and I can't execute that dance if I would. Also, that my taste is so naturally vicious, that I would not, if I could. You perceive I am in a dilemma. It seems to me a hopeless one."

"Oh, you are a very provoking person with your dilemmas. Won't you do anything to help me out of mine?"

"All that is possible, or even impossible;—you cannot doubt me," Mr. Avarne declared, with a vigorous assumption of gaiety.

"Well, what I ask you is *not* impossible."

"Therefore," he answered, with easy logic, "it is far too poor an offering for such a shrine as yours. Anything in the world but dancing—or leap-frog, indeed—both of which exercises I eschewed with jackets and marbles. If any good could be done by wishing, I would wish myself only ten years old again, for your gratification. At that age, my dancing was the admiration of all my friends. At that age, I could have performed the college hornpipe for you, with all the steps. It is really a pity."

"Well, I will have done," said Mrs. Lumley, laughing in spite of her vexation. "You are altogether impracticable, and breakfast is waiting. Will you conduct Miss Dynevor to her seat?"

But, in defiance of her own declaration, throughout breakfast a perpetual running fire of entreaties and reproaches was kept up against Mr. Avarne, by his persistent hostess; a species of aggression which he endured with an infinite equanimity, that only his careful good-breeding prevented from assuming an aspect of indifference. As they all rose from the table, however, he appeared to be suddenly smitten with an accession of sensibility. When Mrs. Lumley called him to her side, in order, as she said, that she might place before him "six good and sufficient reasons why he should, could, must, and ought to comply with her request," he fairly beat a retreat.

"I own myself out-worded already," he said, as he unfastened one of the French windows which opened onto the lawn, "and so I'll even leave my character among my friends, and fly

to that blue shadow I see behind the trees, which looks marvellously like a violet bank. After afflictions of this kind (and I'm sure you'll give me credit for feeling your displeasure to be one of no ordinary bitterness,) we always take refuge with our mother nature. She gives us consolation, which you must see by my wo-begone face how terribly I need."

The last words came through the reclosed window, and then they saw him cross the lawn, and disappear through the evergreens of the shrubbery.

Mrs. Lumley laughed.

"One might as well think of turning back the sea, as of inducing Mr. Avarne to do what he has once resolved against."

"*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*, I think," observed the languid Miss Dundas; further adding, with dignified decision, "I confess I don't admire people who affect such recondite tastes and prejudices."

"But Mr. Avarne is—is so clever," said Mrs. Lumley, whose good nature, in prompting her to defend her friend, really found itself at a loss how to do so—no uncommon case under similar circumstances, and with minds of such differing calibre.

"Yes; so I believe. But these clever people positively assume to themselves such importance, that it is almost unbearable. It becomes a question, whether we should not be better without them. Let us give up our cleverness, and exchange it for the capacity of being agreeable."

"But for those who have not either article, my dear Miss Dundas, there can be no possibility of such a barter as you ingeniously suggest," interposed Mr. Levison, with a serious air of solitude; "and what would you propose doing in such a case? I felt personally interested in your reply, as I perceive you are at this moment remarking to yourself."

But Miss Dundas, uncertain whether or not she was being furtively quizzed by the incorrigible young barrister, turned away in haughty silence. However, there was not wanting a tongue to take up the question of Mr. Avarne's character, which he had advisedly said, he "left among his friends."

"Avarne is what I call a regular prig," elegantly observed a gentleman, apparently not long emancipated from the school-room, in whose face was precociously visible all the least estimable traits of *mannishness*, without either the dignity or the nobleness of real manhood. "I can't think where he picks up all his extraordinary ideas on various subjects. I only know he is getting so much too good for this wicked world, that it—is absurd. It makes one feel quite uncomfortable to be in his company. Upon my honor, I never see him come into a room, without beginning to consider how I can best and soonest get out of it. And I know several fellows who say the same thing."

"Is that really the case, Jekyll?" inquired Mr. Levison, much interested. "If so," he went on, in a meditative undertone, "this accounts, in part, for society's excessive demands on Avarne. I always thought he was madly sought after. It seems he 'contrives a double debt to pay'—"

"Is wise himself, and keeps the fools away."

"Exactly so," assented the unconscious youth, who, merely catching the other's tone of voice, satuously concluded the remark was one of agreement with his own. "And then the way in which he stalks into a room, looking as if he were afraid of knocking against the ceiling."

"You have noticed that? I must say I don't like tall men," chimed in a vivacious young lady, who sat near, "it is so difficult to dance properly with them. I dare say that is why Mr. Avarne won't dance."

"Very likely, poor fellow," said Mr. Levison, gravely. "He is very tall. It is decidedly a vice, but—a pleasant one, shouldn't you think?" he added, deferentially appealing to the rather diminutive Mr. Jekyll. "Miss Poole, may I challenge you to a game of billiards in the next room?"

During the discussion thus abruptly ended, Helen had retired to her window, with a book. Mrs. Lumley came up to her, and talked for a few minutes, but, with her customary volatility, soon flitted away to another of her guests; and before the young girl had half unravelled the tangled skein of her thoughts, chancing to look up, she found she was alone. Sounds of talking and laughing were audible from the next apartment; occasionally, too, a figure passed under the window, or a group of two or three gathered on the lawn, as if basking in the genial sunshine; while others walked about the shrubberies, curiously examining the trees, and hazarding fanciful speculations as to the names and nature of many of them.

"I'll go out, too," thought Helen, by and by, with a not unnatural yearning after a more cheerful companionship than her own thoughts afforded her. But she stopped in her progress towards the door, for at the moment Mr. Avarne entered with letters in his hand. He held out one to Helen.

"These have just arrived by post," he said. "I saw them in the hall as I passed through from the shrubbery, so I took possession of yours and my own."

Helen opened hers; it contained merely a few lines from Anne, written, as she had promised, the evening before, and saying that their father was no worse, and that the doctor was coming again that night, etc. While she read it, Mr. Avarne, holding his yet unopened letters in his hand, took up a book, looked at it, and finally glanced at her. There was in his face much of that quiet, settled, almost stern repose, which denotes a resolution taken—a

decision arrived at; it may be, after some thought and doubt, uncertainty and struggle but fixed now, and unalterable.

"No bad news, I trust?" he asked, as Helen refolded the note.

"Oh, no. It is from Anne. Papa continues much the same as when I left."

"You must be very anxious," he presently resumed, "and but little in the vein for all this gaiety around you."

The tears started to the young girl's eyes: a variety of feelings sent them there, yet none of them were what he supposed.

"Your sister, too," he went on, with a very slight wavering in his voice—"it must be a trying time for her."

"It is," said Helen, earnestly. "Poor Anne!—she is so good and so uncomplaining always."

"Yes, she is good," he repeated, half to himself; "and," he continued, with a faint smile, "I have noted that trial and suffering are almost always coexistent with goodness. The blessedness of sorrow could hardly be more dearly shown than in the lives of many of those around us, whom we are accustomed to look upon with most sadness and compassion."

There was a pause. Mr. Avarne was the first to break it. He spoke now in a voice firm and distinct.

"I am afraid," he said, "that, in the case of your sister Anne"—the tones unconsciously softened at the name—"there may be other reasons—there may be other anxieties oppressing her, besides the heavy one of her father's illness. You will forgive my asking a question, seemingly an impertinent one, but justified, believe me, by the warm interest I take in—in your family. Is she—your sister—engaged to Edward Grant?"

"Yes, I believe so. It is not—"

At her first word, he turned aside—he had heard enough; and at the moment Mrs. Lumley fluttered into the room.

"Has any one seen Mr. Levison? Where is Mr. Levison? And, my dear Miss Dynevor, will you join us in our drive? There is a seat vacant in the barouche. Mr. Avarne, what do you intend doing with your morning?"

"You must pardon me, but I have received letters which I believe it will be necessary for me to answer," he replied, withdrawing farther into the recess of the window, and proceeding to read his correspondence.

"That is tiresome," pronounced the lady, the least shadow of a frown passing over her face. "But, Miss Dynevor, you will come with us? We are all ready."

And Helen was hurried away to don her outdoor attire. When she returned to the room, Mr. Avarne was no longer there; but Mrs. Lumley, to three or four surrounding friends, was loudly lamenting something. What it was, Helen at first could hardly understand.

"Certainly, it is most unfortunate. Poor fel-

low!—he is so attached to his mother. He will be off at once, of course. I believe I'm the most unlucky creature in existence. My poor birth-day will turn out a failure, I see. But poor, poor Avarne!—I'm really distressed for him. Perhaps, when he arrives at Florence, it will be too late, after all. It is dreadful to think of. So well he bears up, too! You'd hardly think anything was the matter, to look at him—except for his paleness. Poor fellow, he is going directly—this instant—to catch the first packet. And Mr. Levison going to leave us too! Oh, it is a sad business altogether!"

From all of which disconnected grief Helen at length gathered the truth—that Mr. Avarne's letters were from Florence, and informing him of the dangerous illness of his mother, to whom he was thus suddenly and painfully summoned.

And so it fell, that on the night which followed this same morning, while Anne sat alone in her chamber, for a brief rest after the wearying pangs of that miserable day, and while she found a sweet peacefulness in the thought of him who she knew loved her, and whom she loved—ah, how well!—he was pacing, with restless strides, the deck of the vessel which was bearing him swiftly from England; with many agonies struggling at his heart—one so bitter, that it made itself felt, even while he cowered beneath the consciousness that death was perhaps even then letting that fall which would shadow all his future life. The bitterness of

that agony taught him how closely—more closely even than he had known—had this love, which he must now renounce, twined amidst the very fibres of his heart; so that like tearing away life was the effort at rending from it that which had grown to be the dearer part of itself.

Anne smiled a gentle smile to herself, the first that had lit her face that day, as she thought, "I shall see him again, soon. I know he will come when he learns I am in trouble."

While he, after sore strife, had grown calm, and, seating himself at the bows of the steamer, looked up to the clear night sky, glittering coldly with stars, and said to himself, "Peace will come soon. I have not the worst pang, of thinking her unworthy. Innocent, unsuspecting as a child, she is—she has ever been. Not a look, not a word, not a gesture, can I charge with having deceived me. Thank Heaven for that! I may still look up to her—pray for her—love her. Good, pure, true woman! Noble Anne, though not *my* Anne!"

There might have been something pitiable in the mutual self-deception of these two, who loved one another, but that each, though thus widely separate, less by distance than by circumstance, derived comfort from the thought of the goodness of the other.

The darkness is not utter, while such a light lingers. And for the rest, love, and faith, and patience, bring all things to a right issue in God's good time.

**IRISH RHYMES IN SWIFT.**—No one can read the poetry of Swift without being struck with the happy facility of his rhymes; but the *Irishisms* they contain have never, so far as I am aware, been made the subject of a Note. The Dean's Pegasus had evidently been reared in the Emerald Isle, and could not always be curbed by English pronouncing dictionaries. What rhyme could be more Irish, than the following, which occurs in "The Journal of a Modern Lady:"

"By nature turn'd to play the *rake well*,  
(As we shall show you in the *sequel*)."

And in the same short poem, we have these additional Irishisms in the rhymes:

"But let me now awhile survey,  
Our madam o'er her ev'ning tea."

"Hypocrisy with frown severe,  
Scurrility with glibing air."

"Are you on vices most severe,  
Wherein yourselves have greatest share?"

"Or in harmonious numbers put  
The deal, the shuffle, and the cut?"

"In ready counters, never pays,  
But pawns her snuff-box, rings, and keys."

"I'm so uneasy in my stays;  
Your fan a moment, if you please."

"Unlucky madam, left in tears,  
(Who now again quadrille forswears.)"

*Notes and Queries.*

**CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.**—In proof of the fact, that the practice of smothering hydrophobic patients was carried on within living memory, I may cite the experience of a clergyman, a friend of mine. A good many years ago he was conversing with one of his parishioners who had survived two or three husbands, and having occasion to mention the particulars of their deaths, she said, "My first died in such and such a manner, and *my second we smothered!*" My friend was a little startled at so quiet an avowal of murder; but it appeared, on examination, that he had been seized with hydrophobia, and his widow evidently considered that he had met with the regular treatment for that malady.—*Notes and Queries.*

**EXTENT OF LONDON.**—London extends over an area of 76,029 acres, or 122 square miles; and the number of its inhabitants, rapidly increasing, was 2,362,236 on the day of the last census.



From the Examiner.

*A Memoir of the Reverend Sydney Smith. By his Daughter, Lady Holland. With a Selection from his Letters, edited by Mrs. Austin. 2 vols. Longman & Co.*

WE owe these volumes to the devotion with which the memory of Sydney Smith was cherished by his widow. She, who knew well that the world loved her husband for his wit and kindness, and admired, though insufficiently his wisdom, knew also that he was loved for only half his worth. The years of her widowhood were supported to the last by the hope, as she wrote, "of seeing that published of him, which to me far exceeds all the brilliancy of head that the world took cognizance of, but which I least valued; well knowing what the world knew not, the perfection of his heart, and his fearless love of truth." She urged the composition of the Memoir, from materials collected indefatigably by himself, on her friend Mrs. Austin, whose health proved not equal to the task; and at last she died with the desire of her heart unaccomplished, but bequeathing her papers to her daughter, wife of Sir Henry Holland the physician. Lady Holland has now fulfilled her mother's wish, by writing such a Memoir as will enable the world to understand her father's character more nearly in its full integrity. Mrs. Austin at the same time has arranged such of his letters as could honestly be published, and illustrated them with a delightful Preface, full of sound and helpful comment. The two volumes thus formed are issued side by side, and constitute a single work.

Agreeing as we do entirely with the feeling that has led to the publication of these memoirs, we shall endeavor, in such brief notice as our space admits, to dwell most upon those points of Sidney's life and character which have hitherto been least before the world. Having this object in view, we are led necessarily to dwell chiefly upon the facts of his life which are more likely to instruct than to amuse the reader. We shall quote a few only of the bon-mots which abound in the volumes, and shall linger long over the period of youth during which character is formed, devoting to that period indeed this week our whole attention; endeavoring throughout to illustrate beauty and strength of character, rather than to tell the entire story of a life.

Sydney Smith was born at Woodford, in Essex, in the year 1771, and was the second son of his parents, who had in all four sons and a single daughter. Sydney's father, Mr. Robert Smith, was a man of considerable talent, who affected oddities of dress, and lived, in an odd way, a somewhat roving life, in the course of which he contrived to waste a little independence. He had married early a very

beautiful and noble-minded girl, the youngest daughter of M. Olier, a French emigrant from Languedoc. The eldest daughter of this gentleman maintained his family by the establishment of a successful ladies' school in Bloomsbury Square. The personal beauty of the Miss Olier who became Mrs. Robert Smith, was inherited by her eldest son Robert, and by another son, though not in any conventional sense by Sydney. Sydney received, however, doubtless as an inheritance from her and her French forefathers, much of the constitutional gayety that he possessed; and if any of his native talent came to him from his father, it came tempered with his mother's virtues, and modified by the high tone of feeling which her children caught from her. The charm of this lady's mind was felt even by the school-fellows of her sons, who gathered round them when they had a letter from their mother, and begged that they might hear it read aloud.

The mother was proud of her four sons. They were all clever, discussed and argued about books as soon as they had learnt to read them, and were "an intolerable and overbearing set of boys," their father said, until they found their level. As their ages did not differ widely, to save them from too close rivalry they were not all sent to one school. The first and third, Robert and Cecil, went to Eton, where Robert shared with John Smith, Frere, and Canning in the writing of *The Microcosm*. Sydney, after a preliminary training at Southampton, went with his youngest brother Courtenay to Winchester, where, through a public-school discipline of neglect, misery, and starvation, he rose to the rank of Captain, and stood with his brother Courtenay so far in advance of his schoolfellows, that a round-robin was sent by the latter to Dr. Warton, the Head Master, in which they "refused to try for the College prizes if the Smiths were allowed to contend for them any more, as they always gained them."

As Captain of Winchester College, Sydney Smith became entitled to a scholarship and afterwards a fellowship at New College Oxford, and to New College he went, after having been sent for six months to Mont Villiers, in Normandy, for the acquisition of the French language, which he spoke afterwards with fluency. As those were times of revolution, he was at this period enrolled, for the sake of safety, as *Le Citoyen Smit, Membre Affilié au Club des Jacobines de Mont Villiers*. At New College, with the least possible delay, he obtained his fellowship, which was worth a hundred a year. His father, then considering him able to support himself, withdrew his help. From that hour Sydney Smith lived by his own exertions.

But in youth and throughout life, "as judicious as if he were the dullest of human beings,"

Sydney took a sensible view of his position. No false shame ever led him out of the right path. Fellows of New College were remarkable consumers of port wine, but with a hundred a year the most sociable person in the world knew that he must avoid any such bond of fellowship. Sydney Smith, therefore, not only lived at Oxford on his scanty income without incurring one farthing of obligation, but even paid out of it a debt of thirty pounds left owing at Winchester by his young brother, Courtenay, who had gone to India. There Courtenay afterwards became a supreme judge, and amassed a considerable fortune.

To send Courtenay and Cecil to India, and to educate Robert for the bar, had cost as much money as the father could afford. Sydney's taste and ambition had been directed also to the bar; but his father, after giving up a project of sending him out to China as a supercargo, forced him into the Church. He received therefore the Church as his profession; and although not taking it by choice, yet, without murmur then or thereafter, he manfully and nobly set himself to the performance of his duty. He was ordained, and became the curate of a small village in the midst of Salisbury Plain. A butcher's cart came once a week from Salisbury, and then only was meat to be obtained. He often dined upon potatoes sprinkled with a little ketchup. The Squire—a Mr. Beach—at first asked him in usual form to dinner on a Sunday; but, very soon discovering the charm of his society and his rare worth of character, desired his more intimate acquaintance. He owed to himself the unbounded confidence in his ability and prudence which induced the Squire at length to urge that he would give up, at the expiration of the two years for which it was taken, his curacy among the plains, take the young heir to the Squiredom as his pupil, and go with him to the University of Weimar. The offer was accepted, and, as Sydney himself tells us, "we set out; but before reaching our destiny, Germany was disturbed by war, and, in stress of politics, we put into Edinburgh, where I remained five years."

Sydney Smith was twenty-six years old when, in the year 1797, he put into Edinburgh with his pupil, Mr. Beach. The remuneration he received for his services to the young gentleman was liberal, but he was one of those true teachers whom no money can overpay,—not only learned, but also wise, noble, and full of every good gift that can exert a wholesome charm upon the young. From his lecture on Wit and Humor a friend of Sydney Smith has taken a few sentences which he regards as a most perfect though involuntary sketch of the mind that suggested them.

"The meaning of an extraordinary man is, DLXXXIII. LIVING AGE. VOL. X. 15

that he is eight men, not one man; that he has as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense as if he had no wit; that his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dullest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were irretrievably ruined. But when wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence and restrained by principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it; who can be witty and something more than witty; who loves honor, justice, decency, good nature, morality, and religion ten thousand times better than wit; wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. Genuine and innocent wit like this is surely the flavor of the mind. Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavor, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of men's pilgrimage, and to charm his pained steps over the burning marle."

The writer of that passage acted up most fully to his own ideal. In person Sydney Smith was inclined from the first to become stout. "Sydney," one of his college friends used to say to him, "your sense, wit, and clumsiness always give me the idea of an Athenian carter." The Athenian carter walked beside a noble team in modern Athens. Brougham, Jeffrey, Horner, Playfair, Scott and many more were then preparing for their work in pulling forward a new generation. The healthiest intellectual society in Europe was then to be found at Edinburgh, among the young men of genius who received Smith with delight into their circle, and of whom there were few who did not learn to love him with an almost tender affection.

When he had been two years in Edinburgh, Sydney resolved to crown with marriage an old standing affection of his own for Miss Pybus, his sister's intimate friend and school-fellow, a lady whom he had known from childhood, and to whom he had been long engaged. Her brother, Mr. Charles Pybus, a prosperous politician, frowned upon the match, which brought to his sister a happiness so perfect as it is the lot of but few women to enjoy. But then the question asked by the brother was, what else could he bring her? Soon after they had returned to Edinburgh to set up housekeeping, he came dancing to her joyously with six thin little silver tea-spoons, which he threw into her lap, saying, "There, Kate, you lucky girl, I give you all my fortune!" His wife had a small portion, which against her mother's wish he took care to secure strictly and entirely on herself. The price of a costly necklace furnished a house. Mr. Beach soon afterwards paid a thousand pounds to his son's tutor, which, being put into the stocks, formed

Sydney's independent property. Mr. Beach afterwards sent to him his second son, and at the same time the son of Mr. Gordon, of Elton Castle, was entrusted to Sydney's care, £400 being paid with each.

Sydney's first child was a daughter, whom he christened by a name of his own concocting, Saba; she it is who is now the writer of his Memoir. Very soon after the birth of this daughter, Sydney, being with Brougham and Jeffrey in a top flat in Buccleugh place, Jeffrey's residence at that time, proposed the getting up of a review. He was appointed editor, and under his care the first number was brought out. The boldness with which liberal opinions were supported by the young reviewers in a day when such opinions had to battle against all discouragement, the clear-sightedness with which wrong was detected in established institutions, upon which, now that they are overthrown, we are accustomed only to look back as to the errors of our grandfathers, every one knows. It is needless to speak of it. In this battle against all wrong and injustice no eye was so true as Sydney Smith's. One of his companions, pointing out how in the zeal of youth the energies of his companions tended often to excess, and party spirit led even mature minds to extravagance, says that "yet in the midst of this Sydney Smith showed, from the outset, a singular union of courage and good sense, without a tincture of the extravagance by which, in so many young men of ability, they were at that time accompanied. He did not hesitate to embrace and avow a sound principle, however obnoxious; but neither enthusiasm or party spirit could carry him a hair's-breadth beyond "what his judgment approved." In that spirit of sound sense governed by a high morality, which pervaded all he said and all he did, Sydney Smith waged war through the pages of the *Edinburgh Review* against one social evil after another; but nobody kept stricter watch than he did over the evils of excess into which liberality of thinking might be led. "I must beg the favor," he wrote long afterwards to Jeffrey, "I must beg the favor of you to be explicit on one point. Do you mean to take care that the Review shall not profess infidel principles? Unless this is the case I must absolutely give up all connection with it. With the highest reverence for holy things, and a sincere love for the Church of England, Sydney Smith combined always a noble spirit of toleration. He shrunk from an infidel, but he claimed brotherhood with Christians of every denomination. He even, in his later days, preached one of Channing's sermons (on War) from the pulpit of St. Paul's Cathedral.

As a writer, Sydney Smith was qualified by his unrivalled vivacity of speech, and by

the directness and marvellous good sense with which he spoke upon the true merits of every question, to win complete attention from the public. He was born, as his daughter justly says, for a teacher of the people; and he never failed to use his powers without dread of consequences in the interests of truth and justice. No man in his time labored more vigorously and effectively in the diffusion of sound sense.

While at Edinburgh Sydney Smith attended lectures in the medical classes, and frequented the hospital. He had done the same at Oxford, with so much zeal that the Professor of Medicine wished to persuade him into the career of a physician. For he felt that a knowledge of medicine would enable him as a clergyman to be a help to the poor throughout his parish; and of the knowledge so acquired he did throughout his life make use with remarkable judgment and discretion, for the help of his poor neighbors and the comfort of his family.

In 1803, Sydney's age then being thirty-two, the education of his pupils was completed, his income was seriously reduced, and the world lay barren before him. His wife, confident in his talents, urged him to London, and in the following year he had quitted Edinburgh and was established in a small house in Doughty street, the choice of that locality (which will be hereafter associated, too, with the outset in life of another man of wit and genius, and Sydney's ardent admirer) being determined by his fondness for the company of lawyers. A severe struggle against poverty was then commenced, in which Sydney was aided by loans from his brother Robert; and the proprietor of Berkeley chapel in John street, Berkeley square, whose property was in a languishing condition, found its sittings suddenly filled after his engagement as a preacher there. In his sermons, as the Bishop of Norwich wrote, Sydney Smith "plainly showed he felt what he said, and meant that others should feel too." A friend also procured for him the post of chaplain to the Foundling Hospital, with a salary of £50 a year. Yet the struggle to support his household was most difficult, when there was offered to the young clergyman the lease of a chapel then occupied by a sect of dissenters, called the New Jerusalem. To occupy it, however, he required a license from the rector, and this was refused, in spite of appeals so full of good sense, and so Christian and manly in their tone, that it is impossible to think with respect of any rector able to resist them. But by this time Sydney's wit had recommended him to brilliant social circles; his brother's marriage with Miss Vernon, Lord Holland's aunt, backed the claim of his own merit to be recognized at Holland House; and upon the reputation he had now

acquired as a preacher, followed suddenly the great success of his lectures on Moral Philosophy, given at this period of his life in the Royal Institution. His lecturing there had been suggested by Sir Thomas Barnard, the same friend who had procured for him the chaplaincy at the Foundling Hospital. The scheme was a wonderful success. All the well-known charm of Sydney Smith's manner, the geniality of his wit, the truth and depth of his feeling, his quick transitions of emotion, his never clouded brilliancy of expression, every quality he possessed had in these lectures more or less scope for a display that surprised the town. "Nobody else, to be sure," said Mr. Horner, "could have executed such an undertaking with the least chance of success. For who could make such a mixture of odd paradox, quaint fun, manly sense, liberal opinions, and striking language?"

The proceeds of the lectures enabled the young clergyman to furnish a new house in Orchard street, where two more children were born to him, a son who died in infancy, and his youngest daughter. Still he was without permanent means of living, and fought with poverty in his own open honest way, making no false show, inviting the wealthy without shame to dine with him upon his single dish, enjoying all that is most real in the delight of the best society, and quite unencumbered with the drag of false pretensions. He was at work, then, indefatigably for the *Edinburgh Review*, happy at home, and full of the most joyous spirits. In 1806, he being then thirty-five years old, the Whigs came into power, and the small Yorkshire living of Foston-le-Clay was obtained for him from Lord Erskine by Lord Holland's intercession. At nearly the same time he startled the country suddenly by the anonymous publication of *Peter Plymley's Letters*.

At this point we come to a new phase of Sydney Smith's career, and starting from this point, we propose next week to resume and complete this partial illustration of his character.

From The Spectator, of same date.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great abilities of Sydney Smith, and their telling quality, his universal celebrity in his own day was in a measure owing to the practical cast of his mind and the instant nature of his subjects. Fancy he had, and of the rarest kind; imagination, in a lofty sense, he had not; and though he could appreciate, we doubt if he could relish it. For the abstract likewise he had little regard, unless in its strictly appropriate sphere—as mathematics or arithmetic. With more wit, more heartiness, more joyous abandon than Franklin, he was a philosopher

of the Franklin class, but of a higher nature. Sydney Smith was less disposed than any humorist, or the Manchester school itself, to lose himself in vague generalities or to go wool-gathering in a mist; but he had a larger idea of utility than they had. He thought that whatever raised the spirits, or cheered the heart, or reached the mind by delighting the eye, or the ear, or within limits of moderation, the other senses, was useful. He had a sympathy with greatness; but rather with greatness of a moral and material kind, we think, than with the poetical or artistic, or perhaps with the heroic. His heart was chiefly interested in what promoted the happiness of mankind; and as the aspirations of mankind in general take a turn towards "creature comforts," and shrink from physical or mental uneasiness, Sydney Smith's subjects bore upon questions of immediate utility or of current importance. Except sermons, his separate publications were on Catholic Emancipation, a branch of Church Reform when it was a practical question, and the Ballot controversy. His fugitive productions bore on some immediate evil, or humbug producing evil, or some topic of interest at all times; though his treatment, we think, generally concerned an instant phase of it—as the actual mode of teaching Latin, female education with reference to the immediate mistakes and requirements of the time. Subjects in which every reader thus felt an interest were treated with a breadth which gave something of the universal to the temporary, with a piercing sense that put aside every fallacy and reached the pith of the question at once, with a wit caustic, contemptuous, humorous, or playful even to fun, and a fancy that illustrated everything it touched with images ludicrous or grave but always vivid. No wonder, therefore, at the writer's celebrity. In the words of Johnson, speaking of Dryden's *Absalom and Achithophel*, he "filled every mind with triumph or resentment." It may be questioned whether this choice of topics was made by Sydney Smith as matter of calculation, or was not rather the bias of a nature strongly moved to get rid of practical evil or to produce practical good. His pulpit discourses partook of this characteristic. They were not "good moral sermons," in the sense of an ethical essay, that might have been spoken off at Athens or Rome two thousand years ago, or in any other place at any other time; but practical advice given to an English congregation in the early part of the nineteenth century, with fundamental truths for all time, but more immediately coming home to the "business and bosoms" of his auditors then and there.

"If not true of individuals, "a lively sense of favors to come" is a fair definition of public gratitude. When a writer has overthrown



the evil or effected the good to which his efforts were directed, his book ceases to be popularly read. The same thing takes place, perhaps in a less degree, when change of manners changes the form in which the evil appears without altogether removing it. And this seeming injustice is beyond remedy. In an abstract sense the wit and argument are still there, but there is no longer in the reader's mind the living knowledge and immediate interest which added to their force and pungency. We suspect that a person who should now meet for the first time the celebrated Letters of Peter Plymley would scarcely find them equal to his expectation, some ludicrous images excepted—as the story of the wooden gods, or the picture of the occupation of a country parish by a hostile force, and the escape of the divine. The Letters to Archdeacon Singleton, having a less historical character, scarcely retain their vitality as well as Peter Plymley. To readers in the position just supposed, the collected papers will vary in interest according to the past or present nature of the subject. The name of Sydney Smith will always stand foremost among the wits who were also reasoners and practical benefactors of mankind. His works will not be read by posterity with the same zest and frequency as by his contemporaries, because posterity cannot put itself into our place.

The life of Sydney Smith was uneventful: but for strong animal spirits and a buoyant disposition, it would have been embittered by pecuniary pressure, and the ungrateful neglect of political allies. He was born in 1771, at Woodford in Essex. His father was a singular character, whose peculiarities appear to have been pushed into domestic tyranny, and one of whose self-indulgent habits consisted in "buying, altering, spoiling, and then selling, about nineteen different places in England." After an education at a private school and at Winchester, Sydney Smith went to Oxford, as Captain of Winchester. His father also sent him to Mount Villiers in Normandy, to perfect his French. As this happened during the height of the Revolution it was deemed necessary that he should join a Jacobin Club; and his enrolment stands or stood as "La Citoyen Smit, Membre Affilié au Club des Jacobins de Mont Villiers," a fact which, luckily, seems not to have been generally known, or the Rev. Jacobin Smith would have heard a good deal of it in the days of violent Toryism.

Of his life at Oxford little seems to be preserved. His father made him so scant an allowance, that in order to avoid invitations which he could not return, he lived much alone. He obtained a Fellowship of a hundred a year as quickly as he could; and then his father stopped his allowance, nor did he

ever after assist him. On leaving Oxford, Sydney wished to go to the bar; but his father insisted on the church, and as a matter of duty he obeyed. However, it should be said in justice to the old gentleman, that he had already placed his eldest son, Robert, better known as Bobus Smith, at the bar. Nothing is said of the family connection, but it must have been very good; for the first clerical duty Sydney was called upon to perform was to marry his brother Bobus to Miss Vernon, aunt to the present Lord Lansdowne, in the library at Bowood.

The "curacy in Salisbury Plain," the patronage of the "Squire," the proposed journey to Germany as tutor to the heir, and "putting into Edinburgh in stress of politics," as well as the conception of the *Edinburgh Review* in the "eighth or ninth flat in Buccleuch Place, the then elevated residence of Mr. Jeffrey," are well known to the readers of Sydney Smith. In the volumes of his daughter the interstices are more filled up, and varied by the episode of a journey to England to marry Miss Pybus, with the full consent of her mother. The brother, however, strenuously opposed it: and it may be remarked as another proof of the family standing, that Mr. Pybus was a Lord of the Admiralty under Pitt.

In Edinburgh, Sydney spent some of the happiest years of his life. He was distinguished for his occasional sermons at the chapel of Bishop Sanford, and his connection with the *Edinburgh Review*; he was a young husband and father; and he was for a short time at ease with his income, three pupils yielding him the large sum of twelve hundred a year. In 1803 the education of the young men was finished, and his income dropped. What to do for the best was the next question; and it was finally settled that the family should remove to London, on what was in truth a speculation. Mrs. Smith sold her family jewels to begin with; but so little is known to Lady Holland of her father's early life in London, that she says "it has been an enigma to me" how he contrived to meet the necessary expenses. Some facts are patent. His brother Bobus allowed him a hundred a year. He became preacher at the West-end chapels Berkeley and Fitzroy, and filled them. Through the exertions of a friend he was appointed evening preacher at the Foundling at fifty pounds a year. He negotiated with the landlord of a chapel, then held by "the Christians of the New Jerusalem;" but the project of turning a proprietary preacher was broken off in consequence of the clergyman of the parish refusing his license. He gave a course of lectures on Moral Philosophy at the Royal Institution, and with such effect that after the first season he was allowed to name his own

terms. He also made his way in society; his acquaintance with Lord Holland dating from this period of his life. After all the Talents came into office, he obtained his first and in fact his only preferment from the Whigs as a party. By dint of the "indefatigable exertions of his friends at Holland House, who never gave Erskine any rest, he obtained the living of Foston-le-Clay; a preferment he had better have wanted."

His living well deserved its name of Foston-le-Clay; consisting as it did of three hundred acres of glebe land of the stiffest clay, in a remote village of Yorkshire, where there had not been a resident clergyman for a hundred and fifty years, owing to the wretched state of the hovel which had once been a parsonage-house. This consisted of one brick-floored kitchen, with a room above it, which was in so dangerous a condition that the farmer, who had occupied it hitherto, declined living any longer in it, and which opened on one side into a foal-yard and on the other into a churchyard; and placed in a village where there was no society above the rank of a farmer.

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He examined carefully and understood thoroughly all the difficulties of his position: viz. a house to be built without experience or money; a family and furniture to be moved into the heart of Yorkshire,—a process in the year 1808, as difficult as a journey to the back settlements of America now, to a man of small means; the absolute necessity of becoming a farmer, the living consisting of land and no tithe, there being no farm-buildings on it to enable him to let it, and the profound ignorance of all agricultural pursuits inevitable in a man who had passed life hitherto in towns, and whose time and attention had been divided between preaching, literature, and society.

Residence does not seem to have been intended at the time he was presented to the living, but a bill of Percival's framing compelled either residence or resignation: residence involved the building of a house; and the rules laid down by Lord Eldon prevented an exchange. It scarcely appears advisable to have given up three London preacherhips with the prospects they might bring, as well as to break up an establishment and transport a family so great a distance, for such a living as Foston-le-Clay. However, so he did, either tempted by the permanency, or from delicacy to Lord Holland; and thus became involved in a debt to the "Queen Anne's Bounty," which pressed upon him for years. How narrow his circumstances were, may be gleaned from a reminiscence of his daughter.

This year, 1816, from the failure of the harvest, the distress amongst the poor was excessive. The wheat was generally sprouted throughout the country, and unfit for bread; and good flour was not only dear, but hardly to be procured. We, like our poorer neighbors, being unable to

afford it, were obliged to consume our own sprouted wheat; and we lived therefore a whole year without tasting bread, on thin, unleavened, sweet-tasting cakes, like frost-bitten potatoes, baked on tins, the only way of using this damaged flour. The luxury of returning to bread again can hardly be imagined by those who have never been deprived of it. All this bad food produced much illness amongst our poor neighbors; and a fever of a very dangerous and infectious kind broke out in our village. My father was indefatigable in his exertions amongst them, going from cottage to cottage, and providing them with food and medicine, and seeing that they were properly attended to: his medical skill stood him in good stead now. [He had studied medicine at Edinburgh, as part of a clergyman's preparation for his duties.]

He resided at Foston-le-Clay for twenty years; improving and civilizing the people; receiving his friends, including some of the highest aristocracy, in a plain way proportioned to his means; and fighting for Whig principles, if not for the Whig party. During that time they could do nothing as a body,—though one would suppose that some among them had private livings in their gift rather better than Foston-le-Clay. Indeed preferment came to him from the other side. In 1825, the Duke of Wellington heard of his position through Sydney's "friends at Castle Howard," and gave him till his own nephew came of age, the living of Londesborough, which was near Foston, and could be held with it. This, with a legacy from an "Aunt Mary," placed him at ease in his circumstances, for the first time since he left Edinburgh. Under the Canning-and-Goderich ministry Sydney Smith *applied*; and received a polite put-off, from a man whose name Lady Holland suppresses. In 1828 Lord Lyndhurst set the bigots at defiance, and it would appear without solicitation, gave Sydney a Prebendal stall at Bristol.

For this promotion he always felt deeply grateful to Lord Lyndhurst, as it was of the greatest importance to him; less in a pecuniary point of view, (as though rendering *permanent* what was before *temporary*, it rather diminished than increased his previous income,) than from breaking that spell which had hitherto kept him down in his profession, and enabling him to show the world how well he could fulfil its duties, wherever placed.

Lord Lyndhurst also enabled him to exchange Foston, which his stall compelled him to resign, for the beautifully-situated living of Combe Florey. In 1831 Lord Grey made him a Canon of St. Paul's. This preferment was of greater pecuniary value than Bristol, but did not give him a distinctly clerical grade. Such as the gift was, it was one of personal friendship, and the ice had been bro-

ken by the Tory Chancellor. No wonder Sydney thought himself ill-treated.

And here I must allude to what my father was too proud to speak of, except in two or three confidential letters to some of his oldest friends. Though he had at this period a firm conviction that a bishopric would be destructive of his peace and happiness, and a still firmer determination, in consequence, to reject it should it ever be offered, yet I know he felt deeply to the hour of his death, that those by whose side he had fought for fifty years so bravely and so honestly in their adversity, and with the most unblemished reputation as a clergyman, should in their prosperity never have offered him that which they were bestowing on many, only known at that time, according to public report, (whatever merits they may have since evinced,) for their mediocrity or unpopularity. He says, in one of those letters, after expressing his feeling on this subject—"But, thank God, I never acted from the hope of preferment, but from the love of justice and truth which was bursting within me. When I began to express my opinions on Church politics, what hope could any but a madman have of gaining preferment by such a line of conduct?"

In another letter again he says—"It is perhaps of little consequence to any party whether I adhere to it or not; but I always shall adhere to the Whigs, whoever may be put over my head; because I have an ardent love of truth and justice, and they are its best defenders. But, adhering to them under all circumstances, I cannot but feel whether I am well or ill used by them."

This silence on his part I should have observed likewise, had not Lord Melbourne, with that noble candor for which his character was so remarkable, admitting the injury my father felt, done my father the tardy justice of stating to a gentleman, a mutual friend, and a man of great accuracy, (who came direct from his house expressly to state it to me,) "That Lord Melbourne said there was nothing he more deeply regretted, in looking back upon his past career, than the not having made Sydney Smith a bishop."

The following short manly statement of his case, in a letter to Lord John Russell on the subject of his preferment, seems, as it were, to be extorted from him by that sense of justice which so powerfully influenced his feelings through life towards every person and on every subject, less than by any wish to exalt himself, and therefore to a certain degree, carries conviction with it.—"I defy — to quote one single passage of my writing contrary to the doctrines of the Church. I defy him to mention a single action of my life which he can call immoral. The only thing he could charge me with, would be high spirits, and much innocent nonsense. I am distinguished as a preacher, and sedulous as a parochial clergyman. His real charge against me is that I am a high-spirited, honest, uncompromising man, whom he and all the bench of Bishops could not turn upon vital questions: this is the reason why, as far as depends upon others, I am not a Bishop. But I am thoroughly sincere in saying, I would not take any bishopric whatever.

I find a letter written by his friend Lord John Russell, in answer from which I shall give an extract, as it shows that this wish to do justice to my father, was shared by his old friend, Lord John, likewise. "My dear Sydney—I think you are quite right not to be ambitious of the prelate, as it would lead to much disquiet for you; but if I had entirely my own way in these matters, you should have the opportunity of refusing it."

And again, my father wrote at a later period to Lord Holland, saying—"You have said and written that you wished to see me a Bishop, and, I have no doubt, would try to carry your wishes into effect. If proper vacancies had occurred in the beginning of Lord Grey's Administration, I believe this would have been done. Other politicians have succeeded, who entertain no such notion. But there is a still greater obstacle to my promotion, and that is, that *I have entirely lost all wish to be a Bishop*. The thought is erased from my mind, and in the very improbable event of a bishopric being offered me, I would steadily refuse it. In this I am perfectly honest and sincere, and make this communication to you to prevent your friendly exertion in my favor, and perhaps to spare you the regret of making that exertion in vain."

And here it may not be out of place to remark that George the Third was a prophet. The old King was in the habit of reading the *Edinburgh*, and Sydney's articles, it would seem, in particular; for, said the King after perusal, "He is a very clever fellow—but *he will never be a Bishop*."

We have seen what answer Sydney Smith got when he applied to Whigs in power. In 1844 he addressed a letter to Peel, not to ask anything—"no man has less right to do so"—but placing before him the case of a candidate for a small place in the Record Office. He gracefully begged of the Premier not to be at "the trouble" of replying in either case. The next day there came this answer:

WHITEHALL, 6th May 1844.

Sir, I do not recollect that I ever made a promise of an appointment not actually vacant. I try to defer as long as possible the evil day which brings to me the invidious duty of selecting one from a hundred candidates, and disappointment to ninety-nine of them.

But I am so sure that, when the particular vacancy mentioned in your letter shall occur there will be no claim which it will give me greater satisfaction to comply with than one brought under my notice by you, from such kind and benevolent motives as those which *alone* would induce you to write to me, that I do not hesitate a moment in making an exception from my general rule, and in at once giving you a promise, either that Mr. — shall have the appointment you name, or one equally eligible; and not at a more distant period if possible.

All the return I shall ask from you is the privilege of renewing, when we meet, the honor of your acquaintance.

I am, Sir, with sincere esteem, your faithful servant,  
ROBERT PEEL.

The office was granted, and he had the satisfaction to hear that the young man was found most efficient in it.

Bristol had not only given pecuniary competence to Sydney Smith, but permanence, for Londesborough terminated when the intended incumbent was of an age to be inducted. St. Paul's rendered him comparatively wealthy; the death of a younger brother in India, furnished him with property as well as income. The last years of his life were passed not only in ease and comfort but in comparative luxury. His life, however, as delineated by his daughter, seems to have been a happy one. He had the "mens sana in corpore sano." He had domestic happiness and attached friends; what is more he seems to have had the valuable art of making the best of everything. Fits of melancholy and depression might come upon him, but a constitutional buoyancy of spirits enabled him to throw them off. In a personal point of view those animal spirits were invaluable. In a worldly sense they were probably mischievous. His jocular mystifications, his persiflage, his apparent want of earnestness, by contributing to spread about the idea of an inveterate joker and diner-out, might have been quite as injurious to his professional prospects as his politics. Those who knew him best were of opinion that he was, at bottom, emphatically an earnest man.

In the autumn of 1844 his health began to fail; and he expressed his own feelings in one of those sentences of grotesque and pointed exaggeration, which exposed him to the misconceptions just alluded to. "I feel so weak both in body and mind, that I verily believe if the knife were put into my hand I should not have strength or energy enough to stick it into a Dissenter." His son-in-law, Dr. now Sir Henry Holland, advised his removal to town; and for some little time he seemed to improve. With the new year his case assumed a graver appearance; and when his son-in-law recommended that Chambers should be called in, his sagacity informed him of the danger, if he had no instinctive premonition.

That evening, he, for the first time, told his old maid and nurse Annie Kay that he knew his danger; said where and how he should wish to be buried; then spoke of us all, but told her we must cheer him and keep up his spirits, if he lingered long.

But he had such a dread of sorrowful faces around him and of inflicting pain, that to us he always spoke calmly and cheerfully, and as if unaware of his danger.

His deathbed was not without its consolations.

Speaking once of the extraordinary interest

that had been evinced by his friends for his recovery (for the inquiries at his door were incessant)—"It gives me pleasure, I own," he said, as it shows I have not misused the powers entrusted to me." But he was most touched by the following letter from Lady Grey to my mother, expressing the feelings towards him of one of the friends he most loved and honored, one who was, like himself, lying on that bed from which he was never to rise, and who was speaking, as it were, his farewell before entering on eternity.

"Lord Grey is intensely anxious about him. There is nobody of whom he so constantly thinks, nobody whom, in the course of his own long illness, he so ardently wished to see. Need I add, dear Mrs. Sydney, that, excepting only our children, there is nobody for whom we both feel so sincere an affection.—God knows how truly I feel for your anxiety. Who is so sadly entitled to do so as I am? But I will hope the best, and that we may both be blessed by seeing the person most dear to us restored to health."

This memoir has been undertaken by his daughter, Lady Holland, from a sense of parental duty. Immediately after Sydney Smith's death, his widow was anxious that a life of "her noble-hearted husband should appear." Moore was applied to, but it was the opinion of friends that it was too early, and presently Moore's own health failed. Jeffrey had half undertaken to assist, but not to write the life. It finally devolved upon Lady Holland. She has produced, not exactly a regular biography, for the work is deficient in logical structure and chronological order, but a vivid and interesting picture of the more private career and domestic life of her father. We see him at his evening weekly suppers in town at the beginning of the century; and at Foston dealing with the rustic obtuseness of his parishioners, and by his own energy and management putting a little life into their stolidity. We have him receiving his friends as a poor parson; or preparing for his articles, and writing them off rapidly, with a varying expression playing over his face; or sitting over his desk before the evening study or amusement began, with a shade of gravity on his countenance as he examined his bills. As years rolled on and his worldly prospects brightened, he appears at Combe Florey as animated and cheerful as ever, amidst guests and grandchildren and the beautiful scenery. With these pictures by his daughter are mingled many reminiscences by friends, and quotations from unfinished productions, sometimes valuable for their point or truth, sometimes curious as showing the labor he underwent in preparing his works. There are two faults. Lady Holland has inserted an unnecessary notice of his articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, which stops the life at the opening. There are too many reported jokes which do not seem to have been remarkable at any time, but which divested of circum-



stances, atmosphere, and life, hardly look like jokes at all. The Memoir, however, is a charming picture of a remarkable man as he appeared to his friends and family.

The biography is contained in the first volume. There is a second volume of Sydney Smith's Letters, edited by Mrs. Austin; to which we shall take an early opportunity of recurring.

From *The Athenæum*, of same date.

ENGLISH literature contains few treasures of thought so rich and various as exist in Sydney Smith's works. English wit has rarely been adorned by one whose name was a word of fear to the shallow, the corrupt, the fanatical, yet whose mirth made all on whom it beamed so healthy and so gay, as Sydney Smith. He was energetic, but not restless—he was brilliant, but not superficial—he was good, without pretence of perfection—he was honorable beyond the possibility of trick or compromise—he was courageous even when there were few to stand by him. He combined the wisdom of ripe age with the warm, hopeful heart of youth. Society could not spoil him—flattery failed to make him vain—conscious power took, with him, no arbitrary and severe shape. It was the fashion of the sour or the stupid to assert that he should not have belonged to the Church, because he recognized no sanctity in lawn sleeves,—because he dared to joke at pride, even though it took the form of prelacy—and denounced sycophancy, even when it was excused by the poverty of the ill-paid curate. Yet who has lifted up a nobler voice in the pulpit, to reprove, to encourage, to reason, than he?—who more utterly than Sydney Smith despised misconstruction and sarcasm, when he conceived that the duty of the time called him to deal with heresy or to uphold discipline? He was liberal to the heart's core, without licentious toleration. He was an indulgent friend, a devoted husband, a tender and just father. Of such a true Englishman of letters, man of wit, and man of character, we had a right to expect a good biography, which should enable survivors when talking to the younger generation of a past king and ruler to prove, by his own words and by his own recorded works, how good he was, as well as how gifted. Yet there was too little chance that any memoir which could be executed would satisfy those who had known, whether distantly or intimately, the Canon of St. Paul's.

When, therefore, we may say that this joint work, by two Ladies, though good, is not so good as it should have been, the remark is a tribute to the precious nature of the subject, rather than a note of dissatisfaction at the manner in which that subject has been treated.

Still less does it imply any Salique disdain of the editors, as unfitted by their sex to pourtray one so strong and racy in his manliness. Sydney Smith loved female society—he appreciated female intellect and genius. He talked his best to women; he would listen willingly to suggestions from them; he treated them like companions and helpmates.—Never was humor so buoyant, so chaste, as his—never was there a life which required so few screens, suppressions, and allowances, from its recorder. He stood in no need of a coarser touch, or a firmer hand, than is to be found here; but possibly of a memorial brighter in its style and less solemn in its deductions. Too much reverence may have bred too many scruples; too fond a love may have brought out the homelife in disproportion to the life of public service, and the life of intellectual revelry, which never failed, whether the country parson was toiling on his glebe, or the sharp pamphleteer was calling bigotry, dishonesty, and folly by their plain names.

Sydney Smith, the second of four brothers (with one sister) was born at Woodford, in Essex, in the year 1771. His father was a man possessing some property, a quaint and singular being, who cultivated his singularities,—knew everybody's business and everybody's history,—bought, altered, spoiled, and then sold, "about nineteen different places in England,"—and dressed pretty much as Quakers dress. His mother was of French extraction, the daughter of an emigrant from Languedoc, a graceful, spirited woman, whose health failed her while she was "still young and beautiful," and who died too early. The sons seem to have inherited the best qualities of both parents:—Sydney, his father's individuality of humor without its accompanying disregard of responsibilities, and his mother's sweetness and vivacity. When a boy, he made himself noisily heard by discussing all manner of subjects, gay and grave, with his eldest brother Robert (or Bobus), as the two lay on the floor among their books. On being placed at Winchester School, he presently rose to its captainship, and to such a reputation for success that his schoolfellows refused to compete for prizes when he and a younger brother, Courtenay, were known to be in the list. He distinguished himself in making Latin verses; but he had time also for mischief,—since, among the records of Sydney's schooldays, there is mention of a "catapult" invented by lamp-light, the purpose of which was the capture of a neighboring turkey. From Winchester he was removed to New College, Oxford, of which he became a Fellow; and his education, so far as learning of books and languages goes, may be described as completed by six months spent at Mont Villiers in Normandy, where he acquired a

thorough knowledge of the French language. But from the earliest time of Sydney's life a marking trait presents itself, as explicit in its promise of a fair future as his being found reading Virgil under a tree when all his school-fellows were at play, or pinching himself to help a friend in need with five guineas. It speaks volumes for one so brimful with life and spirits, so rich in the power of giving and of taking enjoyment, that he never yielded to the habits of convivial excess which then distinguished college life,—that he never fell into debt. He could control, too, his inclinations; for being induced (as the usage then was) by his father to adopt the Church as a profession, in place of going to the Bar, which had been his desire, he seems thence forward to have bent himself with all his cheerfulness of heart and vigor of will, to his duty as a pastor and a churchman.—The scene of his entrance on life was enough to try his resolution. A small village in the midst of Salisbury Plain, where the folks were poor, and intercourse with the outer world was scanty, could hardly be less congenial to any priest, willing or unwilling, than it must have been to Sydney Smith; for his delight in towns and in the society of men was as lively as Johnson's had been in its day; and his mind wanted perhaps that poetical and contemplative element, which has made other men when thrown on retirement become.

familiar with the bird, the brook,

and get companionship, if not teaching, out of Nature. Thus, it must have been a relief to him—a positive opening of his prison-gate—when the squire of Netherhaven, Mr. Beach, proposed to the young curate to resign his Salisbury-Plain curacy in favor of a tutorship. How Sydney Smith and his pupil set out for Weimar in 1797, and “in stress of politics put into Edinburgh, where he remained five years,”—his own Preface to his collected criticisms has already pleasantly told the world.

We should like to have some idea of the impression which the laughter-loving Southron produced among the argumentative, shrewd, and touchy Scotchmen into whose circle he was thrown,—to know how far he was comprehended by them,—to what extent the thistle bore his playful grasp without stinging in self-defence. He made warm, life-long friendships in the “Modern Athens,” it is true; but if the strong men of Edinburgh were not fretted by his mirth, the fact convincingly testifies to the sweetness of the heart which tintured it:—

Though truly loving them, his quick sense of the ludicrous made him derive great amusement from the little foibles and peculiarities of the

Scotch; and often has he made them laugh by his descriptions of things which struck his English eye. “It requires,” he used to say, “a surgical operation to get a joke well into the Scotch understanding. Their only idea of wit, or rather, that inferior variety of this electric talent which prevails occasionally in the North, and which under the name of *wut*, is so infinitely distressing to people of good taste, is laughing immoderately at stated intervals. They are so imbued with metaphysics that they even make love metaphysically; I overheard a young lady of my acquaintance, at a dance in Edinburgh exclaim, in a sudden pause of the music, “What you say, my Lord, is very true of love in the abstract, but —” here the fiddlers began fiddling furiously, and the rest was lost.”

After two years of residence in the North, Sydney Smith returned to England for the purpose of marrying a young Lady, Miss Pybus, to whom he had been long engaged.—

“It was lucky (continues Lady Holland) that Miss Pybus had some fortune, for my father's only contribution towards their future *ménage* (save his own talents and character) were six small silver tea-spoons, which, from much wear, had become the ghosts of their former selves. One day, in the madness of his joy, he came running into the room and flung these into her lap, saying “There, Kate, you lucky girl, I give you all my fortune.”

Yet the pages which follow the one that records this whimsical marriage settlement, tell how Sydney Smith, when required by Mr. Beach with an *honorarium* of £1,000 for the care of his pupil, pressed the loan of £100 on a lady whose pecuniary difficulties had come to his knowledge,—and contributed £40 of his store to the outfit of Leyden, the Scotch poet, for India. These deeds were lightly done and little thought of by their doer, for never was Christian man or gentleman less of a trumpeter of himself than Sydney Smith;—but as traits in the life of a young wit, who never balanced his charities by running into debt, they must have a rare worth with those who know what the lives of wits, old and young, have been—what such lives have been encouraged to become by false friendship!

The part which Sydney Smith took in establishing the *Edinburgh Review*, the questions he treated there, the new opinions he handled, and the manner in which this was done, may be passed quickly, as being already written in some of the best pages of England's modern literary annals. We have not as yet forgotten how, at the period when the Churchman became politician and critic, to be a Whig was to be branded as the worst of heretics—to be Liberal was to be low—and to speak evil of ruling powers and old institutions was to shut the golden gates of preferment on the man mad enough to open his mouth so viciously.

Who could have wondered if one, possessing such weapons as Sydney Smith, and devoted to the advocacy of causes and questions where hope of redress seemed so small, had run wild into professional agitation, or had lost himself in personal acrimony? But here, again, his excellent common sense, his charming temper, and his feeling of responsibility stood him in the stead of bridle and amulet. They reined him in when he was most triumphant on the field,—they kept his spear-point out of poison. Never did man cant so little about reciprocal considerateness, brotherly love, and the like, as Sydney,—never did antagonist do such mischief to the mischievous; but as critic he never degraded himself. His jest was always the jest of a gentleman. Considering what controversy has always been—considering especially what has been the tone of Tory controversy (intoxicating enough to drag into its coarse and scandalous whirlpool one with so poetical a brain and so loving a heart as Walter Scott),—it is neither superfluous nor stilted to assert, that the perfect measure and temper which from first to last distinguished Sydney Smith as a writer, did “honor to his cloth” far more than

many a weary sigh and many a groan—

than any abstinence from the arena of struggle—or than any wholesale renunciation of sarcasm and humor, as engines of terror and persuasion fit enough for laymen to wield, but not “clerical!”

But this lively man, whose laugh made Bigotry quake within the stronghold of its Jericho, and Fanaticism lash itself into extra-frenzies of rage, could do more than laugh,—as those who sat under his lectures and who heard his sermons will attest. His Preface of 1801 to the collection of his pulpit discourses then printed, is according to its form and order as remarkable for its high argument, its clear view of the wants and perils of the Church, as the best of the Edinburgh essays. That the delivery of the discourses themselves was aided by presence and delivery is true; but we cannot return to the fragments from his sermons, extracted by his biographer, without feeling afresh their vitality and earnestness,—how great the speaker knew the dignity of his position to be,—yet how devoid he was of the priest's arrogance.

Another record of his Edinburgh days is worth mentioning. It was in the Scottish metropolis that Sydney Smith acquired that knowledge of medicine which he afterwards turned to such helpful account among his parishioners at Foston and Combe Florey. But, in 1804, having completed the education of the sons of Mr. Beach, at the instance of his wife “he broke up his camp in Edinburgh,”

and removed to London. Here, though aided by some family assistance, he had to struggle through several years of genteel pauperism. Those were years of temptation, too. The young Whig wit had no sooner arrived in our capital than he was sought for and cherished by the Whig leaders,—was made one of the magical circle of Holland House, and was greeted by as liberal an issue of “soup-tickets” (to use a phrase of his own) as ever before or since acknowledged the claims of a first-class diner-out. He managed to give as well as to take:—though poor, he established suppers, at which such men as Mackintosh, Whishaw, Luttrell, and Horner were glad to sit. *Appropos* of these suppers, we cannot resist an anecdote, which is noticeable as about the only instance of *Hookism* to be found in these volumes:—

It was on occasion of one of these suppers that Sir James Mackintosh happened to bring with him a raw Scotch cousin, an ensign in a Highland regiment. On hearing the name of his host he suddenly turned round, and, nudging Sir James, said in an audible whisper, “Is that the great Sir Sudney?” “Yes, yes,” said Sir James, much amused; and giving my father the hint, on the instant he assumed the military character, performed the part of the hero of Acre to perfection, fought all his battles over again, and showed how he had charged the Turks, to the infinite delight of the young Scotchman, who was quite enchanted with the kindness and condescension of “the great Sir Sudney,” as he called him, and to the absolute torture of the other guests, who were bursting with suppressed laughter at the scene before them. At last, after an evening of the most inimitable acting on the part both of my father and Sir James, nothing would serve the young Highlander but setting off, at twelve o'clock at night, to fetch the piper of his regiment to pipe to “the great Sir Sudney,” who said he had never heard the bagpipes; upon which the whole party broke up and dispersed instantly, for Sir James said his Scotch cousin would infallibly cut his throat if he discovered his mistake. A few days afterwards, when Sir James Mackintosh and his Scotch cousin were walking in the streets, they met my father with my mother on his arm. He introduced her as his wife, upon which the Scotch cousin said in a low voice to Sir James, and looking at my mother, “I did na ken the great Sir Sudney was married.” “Why, no,” said Sir James, a little embarrassed and winking at him, “not ex-act-ly married,—only an Egyptian slave he brought over with him; Fatima—you know—you understand.” My mother was long known in the little circle as Fatima.”

Sydney Smith was not, however, by dinners abroad and suppers at home to be cajoled into the self-disrespect of extravagance,—into the forgetfulness of life's duties, when duty presented itself to him. Lord Holland obtained for him the living of Foston-le-Clay, in Yorkshire, in the year 1809; and pleasant, though

prosy, are the chapters which detail the energy, the mirthfulness, the clear sense and the affectionate benevolence with which this brilliant man, already the pet of poets, peers, and politicians, betook himself to the homelier life of a parish priest. We can only string together a few traits and tales, such as assist in setting the Yorkshire clergyman before us:—

He used to dig vigorously an hour or two each day in his garden, as he said, "to avoid sudden death," for he was even then inclined to *embonpoint*, and perhaps, as a young man, may have been considered somewhat clumsy in figure. \* \* He spent much time in reading and composition; his activity was unceasing; I hardly remember seeing him unoccupied, but when engaged in conversation. \* \* He began too on a small scale to exercise his skill in medicine, doing much good amongst his poor neighbors, though there were often ludicrous circumstances connected with his early medical career. \* \* Another time he found all his pigs intoxicated, and, as he declared, "grunting God save the King about the sty," from having eaten some fermented grains which he had ordered for them. Once he administered castor-oil to the red cow, in quantities sufficient to have killed a regiment of Christians; but the red cow laughed alike at his skill and his oil, and went on her way rejoicing. \* \* Immediately on coming to Foston, as early as the year 1809, he set on foot gardens for the poor; and subsequently, Dutch gardens for spade cultivation. \* \* Then the cheapest diet for the poor, and cooking for the poor, formed the subjects of his inquiry: and many a hungry laborer was brought in and stuffed with rice, or broth, or porridge, to test their relative effects on the appetite."

Further, Sydney Smith had to build a house, furnish and fill it. From some of his own retrospects of these operations, we must detach a few paragraphs:—

I then took to horse to provide bricks and timber; was advised to make my own bricks, of my own clay; of course, when the kiln was open, all bad; mounted my horse again, and in twenty-four hours had bought thousands of bricks and tons of timber. Was advised by neighboring gentlemen to employ oxen: bought four—Tug and Lug, Hawl and Crawl; but Tug and Lug took to fainting, and required buckets of salvolatile, and Hawl and Crawl to lie down in the mud. \* \* A man-servant was too expensive; so I caught up a little garden-girl, made like a mile-stone, christened her Bunch, put a napkin in her hand, and made her my butler. The girls taught her to read, Mrs. Sydney to wait, and I undertook her morals: Bunch became the best butler in the county. \* \* At last it was suggested that a carriage was much wanted in the establishment; after diligent search, I discovered in the back settlements of a York coachmaker an ancient green chariot, supposed to have been the earliest invention of the kind. I brought it home in triumph to my admiring family. Being some-

what dilapidated, the village tailor lined it, the village blacksmith repaired it; nay (but for Mrs. Sydney's earnest entreaties), I believe the village painter would have exercised his genius upon the exterior; it escaped this danger however, and the result was wonderful. Each year added to its charms: it grew younger and younger; a new wheel, a new spring: I christened it the *Immortal*; it was known all over the neighborhood; the village boys cheered it, and the village dogs barked at it; but "*Faber messe fortunæ*" was my motto, and we had no false shame. Added to all these domestic cares, I was village parson, village doctor, village comforter, village magistrate, and Edinburgh Reviewer; so you see I had not much time left on my hands to regret London.

We must still find room for a passage or two:—

One day, when we were on a visit at Bishopthorpe, soon after he had preached a visitation sermon, in which, amongst other things, he had recommended the clergy not to devote too much time to shooting and hunting, the Archbishop, who rode beautifully in his youth, and knew full well my father's deficiencies in this respect, said, smiling, and evidently much amused, "I hear, Mr. Smith, you do not approve of much riding for the clergy."—"Why, my Lord," said my father, bowing with assumed gravity, "perhaps there is not much objection, provided they do not ride too well, and stick out their toes professionally." Mr. M., a Catholic gentleman present, looked out of the window of the room in which they were sitting. "Ah, I see, you think you will get out," said my father laughing, "but you are quite mistaken: this is the wing where the Archbishop shuts up the Catholics; the other wing is full of Dissenters." Coming down one morning at Foston, I found Bunch pacing up and down the passage before her master's door, in a state of great perturbation. What is the matter, Bunch?"—"Oh, Ma'am, I can't get no peace of mind till I've got master shaved, and he's so late this morning: he is not come down yet." This getting master shaved, consisted in making ready for him, with a large painter's brush, a thick lather in a huge wooden bowl, as big as Mambrino's helmet, which she always considered as the most important avocation of the morning."

The following, too, from reminiscences of this period, contributed by Mrs. Marcet, is precious:—

"Mr. Smith was talking after breakfast with Dr. Marcet, in a very impressive and serious tone, on scientific subjects, and I was admiring the enlarged and philosophic manner in which he discoursed on them, when suddenly starting up, he stretched out his arms, and said, "Come, now let us talk a little nonsense." And then came such a flow of wit, and joke, and anecdote, such a burst of spirits, such a charm and freshness of manner, such an irresistible laugh, that Solomon himself would have yielded to the infection, and called out, "Nonsense for ever!" \* \* "I was coming downstairs the next morning (she con-



tinues), when Mr. Smith suddenly said to Bunch, who was passing, "Bunch, do you like roast duck or boiled chicken?" Bunch had probably never tasted either the one or the other in her life, but answered without a moment's hesitation, "Roast duck, please, Sir," and disappeared. I laughed. "You may laugh," said he, "but you have no idea of the labor it has cost me to give her that decision of character. The Yorkshire peasantry are the quickest and shrewdest in the world, but you can never get a direct answer from them; if you ask them even their own names, they always scratch their heads, and say, 'A's sur ai don't know, Sir;' but I have brought Bunch to such perfection, that she never hesitates now on any subject, however difficult. I am very strict with her. Would you like to hear her repeat her crimes? She has them by heart, and repeats them every day." "Come here, Bunch (calling out to her)! come and repeat your crimes to Mrs. Marcet;" and Bunch, a clean, fair, squat, tidy little girl, about ten or twelve years of age, quite as a matter of course, as grave as a judge, without the least hesitation, and with a loud voice, began to repeat—"Plate-snatching, gravy-spilling, door-slammings, blue-bottle fly-catching, and courtesy-bobbing."—"Explain to Mrs. Marcet what blue-bottle fly-catching is."—"Standing with my mouth open and not attending, Sir."—"And what is courtesy-bobbing?"—"Courtesying to the centre of the earth, please, Sir."—"Good girl! now you may go. She makes a capital waiter, I assure you; on state occasions Jack Robinson, my carpenter, takes off his apron and waits too, and does pretty well, but he sometimes naturally makes a mistake, and sticks a gimlet into the bread instead of a fork."

No wonder is it that such a master as one who catechized "Bunch" for the benefit of the author of "Conversations on Chemistry," was well served, and rarely changed his servants. The dismal, dry, mechanical intercourse of "question and command," which makes of so many an English household a genteel sort of workhouse—a composition of two separate worlds not bound together by the compact of formality and cupidity,—could not but be intolerable to a man so true in heart and so rich in humor as Sydney Smith. Should the lives of our great literary Protestant Clergymen ever be written by any one capable of doing justice to the subject, the humors above journalized will figure there as individually as the humors of Crabbe, when the Poet descended in kneebreeches and silk stockings to his breakfast in Scotland (where Crabbe happened to be, on the occasion of George the Fourth's visit), and addressed sundry hairy Highlanders, wearing phibbigs, in Latin, supposing that to be the only probable mutual language which the two parties possessed! They will pair off, too, with the hermit, the bells, and the fountain of another clericus, Bowles the sonneteer—so artlessly and graphically commemorated by Moore, in the poet's Diary. The entries belonging to a more

prosperous and later period of Sydney Smith's life in the country, after he had exchanged Foston for Combe Flory, and surrounded "Bunch" with "a company" (as dramatic phrase is) of efficient fellow domestics—are capital and characteristic:—

"My father 'was sitting at breakfast one morning in the library at Combe Flory,' said Mrs. Marcet, who was staying with us, 'when a poor woman came, begging him to christen a newborn infant, without loss of time, as she thought it was dying. Mr. Smith instantly quitted the breakfast-table for this purpose, and went off to her cottage. On his return, we inquired in what state he had left the poor babe. 'Why,' said he, 'I first gave it a dose of castor-oil, and then I christened it; so now the poor child is ready for either world.' I long to give some sketch of these breakfasts, and the mode of life at Combe Flory, where there were often assembled guests that would have made any table agreeable anywhere; but it would be difficult to convey an adequate idea of the beauty, gayety, and happiness of the scene in which they took place, or the charm that he infused into the society assembled round his breakfast-table. The room, an oblong, was, as I have already described, surrounded on three sides by books, and ended in a bay-window opening into the garden: not brown, dark, dull-looking volumes, but all in the brightest bindings; for he carried his system of furnishing for gayety even to the dress of his books. He would come down into this long, low room in the morning like a 'giant refreshed to run his course,' bright and happy as the scene around him. 'Thank God for Combe Flory!' he would exclaim, throwing himself into his red arm-chair, and looking round; 'I feel like a bridegroom in the honey moon.' And in truth I doubt if ever bridegroom felt so joyous, or at least made others feel so joyous, as he did on these occasions. 'Ring the bell, Saba;' the usual refrain, by the bye, in every pause, for he contrived to keep everybody actively employed around him, and nobody ever objected to be so employed. 'Ring the bell, Saba.' Enter the servant, D—. 'D—, glorify the room.' This meant that the three Venetian windows of the bay were to be flung open, displaying the garden on every side, and letting in a blaze of sunshine and flowers. D— glorifies the room with the utmost gravity, and departs. 'You would not believe it,' he said, 'to look at him now, but D— is a reformed Quaker. Yes, he quaked, or did quake; his brother quakes still: but D— is now thoroughly orthodox. I should not like to be a Dissenter in his way; he is to be one of my vergers at St. Paul's some day. Lady B— calls them my virgins. She asked me the other day, 'Pray, Mr. Smith, is it true that you walk down St. Paul's with three virgins holding silver pokers before you?' I shook my head, and looked very grave, and bid her come and see. Some enemy of the Church, some Dissenter, had clearly been misleading her.—'There now, sitting down at the breakfast-table, 'take a lesson of economy. You never breakfasted in a parsonage before, did you? There, you see, my china is all white,

so if broken can always be renewed; the same with my plates at dinner: did you observe my plates? every one a different pattern, some of them *sweet articles*; it was a pleasure to dine upon such a plate as I had last night. It is true, Mrs. Sydney, who is a great herald, is shocked because some of them have the arms of a royal duke or a knight of the garter on them. But that does not signify to me. My plan is to go into a china-shop and bid them show me every plate they have which does not cost more than half-a-crown: you see the result. I think breakfasts so pleasant because no one is conceited before one o'clock.' Mrs. Marcet admired his ham. 'Oh,' said he, 'our hams are the only true hams; yours are Shems and Japhets.' Some one speaking of the character and writings of Mr. —: 'Yes, I have the greatest possible respect for him; but, from his feeble voice, he always reminds me of a liberal blue-bottle fly. He gets his head down and his hand on your button, and pours into you an uninterrupted stream of Whiggism in a low buzz. I have known him intimately, and conversed constantly with him for the last thirty years, and give him credit for the most enlightened mind, and a genuine love of public virtue; but I can safely say that during that period I have never heard one single syllable he has uttered.' Mrs. Marcet complaining she could not

sleep: 'I can furnish you,' he said, 'with a perfect soporific. I have published two volumes of sermons; take them to bed with you. I recommended them once to Blanco White, and before third page he was fast.'—This is the only sensible spring I remember (1840): it is a real March of intellect.'

These joyous sights and cheerful sayings belonged to a late period of Sydney Smith's life. To be orderly, let us here remind the reader that this was a life of slow-growing prosperity—of preferment in no respect egregious—and of few vicissitudes, save such as a holiday on the Continent, or a change from town to country furnish. This done, we may take leave of his personal history. But having sketched some of the characteristics which set Sydney Smith on so high a pedestal among men of politics, men of letters,—and having expatiated on his humors as shown in his country life,—we must return to this book to illustrate the wit, the censor, the protector of the modest, the shamer of the impudent; from Sydney Smith's conversation and correspondence.

#### A PLEASANT COUNTRY FOR A NERVOUS MAN.

A Texas Correspondent of an Eastern Paper describes the Domestic Products of that favored land in glowing terms. If the half of his account is true, it must be a pleasant place for a nervous man:—The cattle are not the sole occupants of the prairie by any means. Drovers of wild horses are not unfrequent, and deer are in countless numbers. The small brown wolf or cayote is quite common, and you occasionally get a glimpse of his large black brother. But Texas is the paradise of reptiles and creeping things. Rattle and moccasin snakes are too numerous even to shake a stick at; the bite of the former is easily cured by drinking raw whiskey till it produces complete intoxication; but for the latter, there is no cure. The tarantula is a pleasant institution to get into a quarrel with. He is a spider, with a body about the size of a hen's egg and legs five or six inches long, and covered with long coarse black hair. He lies in the cattle-tracks, and if you see him, move out of his path, as his bite is absolutely certain death, and he never gets out of any one's way, but can jump eight or ten feet to inflict his deadly bite. Then there is the centipede, furnished with an unlimited number of legs, each leg armed with a claw, and each claw inflicting a separate wound. If he walks over you at night, you will have cause to remember him for many months to come, as the wound is of a particularly poisonous nature, and is very difficult to heal. The stinging lizard is a lesser evil, the sensation of its wound being likened to the application of a red-hot iron to the person; but one is too thankful to escape with life, to consider these lesser evils any annoy-

ance. But the insects! flying, creeping, jumping, running, digging, buzzing, stinging—they are everywhere. Ask for a cup of water, and the rejoinder in our camp is: "Will you have it with a bug, or without?" The horned-frog is one of the greatest curiosities here, and is perfectly harmless. It has none of the cold slimy qualities of his northern brother, but is frequently made a pet of. Chamellions are innumerable, darting over the prairie in every direction, with inconceivable swiftness, and undergoing their peculiar change of color, corresponding to the color of the object under which they may be. The woods on the banks of the bayous are perfectly alive with mocking-birds singing most beautifully, and feathered game is abundant and very tame, as it is scarcely ever sought after. The only varieties that I have seen are the quail, partridge, snipe, mallard, plover, and prairie-hen.

#### "ROW, BROTHERS, ROW."

HERE is the scene of More's undying *Canadian Boat Song*, which he wrote on the fifth day of his descent of the St. Lawrence from Kingston. Thirty-three years after he wrote this song, I had the pleasure of showing Moore the original manuscript, which he had entirely forgotten. He had pencilled the lines, nearly as they stand in his Works, in the blank page of a book which happened to be in his canoe, from whence he transcribed them at night. The sight of the original copy of these famous lines, recalling youthful days and happy associations, produced a great effect on the poet, who alluded in a touching manner to his passage down the rapids of life.—*Weld's Vacation Tour.*

From The Spectator, 9 June.

## THE STRENGTH OF RUSSIA.

In declaring war against Russia, the English Government, with its nearest ally, announced that it did not intend to appropriate any territory belonging to Russia; and throughout there has been the implied promise on the part of the Western Powers not to alter the boundaries of the Russian empire. The negotiations that took place at Vienna were based upon the demands originally made by France and England: while those negotiations continued, it was perhaps a point of honor with the two Governments that they should abide by the promise; though there were many reasons why the promise should never have been made. It had the effect of removing from Russia a serious apprehension, and so far of lightening the political compulsion which might have brought her to terms. But the promise having been made, the English Government had almost disqualified itself for acting in an opposite sense. Not only have the Conferences closed, however, but the whole series of negotiations has terminated, in consequence of the absolute refusal of Russia to accept the terms of the Western Powers, and of her refusal to make any offer that really merited discussion. This breaking-off of negotiations, with the entire refusal on the part of Russia, cancelled all that has passed in the form of negotiation from the commencement of the war down to the present time, and thus England and France are released from any obligation imposed upon them by their own promise or profession. We begin afresh, free from any such fetters.

It is not to be presumed that this freedom will be simply of a technical or theoretical kind. Russia has proved by her acts that she will not submit to any controlling influence except positive and direct coercion; and she has also betrayed both the purpose and the projects for exercising a coercion over other governments of Europe. Down to the recent debates, Russia has been spoken of as a conservative power in Europe, whose position must not be lightly disturbed, lest the antagonistic influences of the Continent should be let loose. The argument, indeed, has not been so strongly or so amply repeated as it was a week before; but there is still some talk of "the balance of power." Of all the governments on the Continent, the Russian was the one which down to 1852 was regarded as the most sincere and the most important in preserving that balance of power. Within little more than twelve months, we have discovered that Russia is not sincere; and that since 1844, if not long before, she entertained projects tending not to maintain but to subvert the balance. She had in fact used the su-

perstitious worship of the idea to make a concealed march upon other states; and in the encroachment upon Turkey, and upon Schleswig-Holstein, with influences she was making for herself in Austria, Hungary, Germany, if not in Italy, she overbalanced every other power of Europe, as far as in her lay. If the memoir which has recently been circulated on the Continent, and is regarded as a kind of appendix to Count Nesselrode's circular, has any authenticity—if, as is probable, it emanates from Russian orders—the Czar anticipates that his refusal to conclude peace at Vienna will be followed by a very general disturbance. He suspects France and England of designs to arouse "the nationalities," and to gain some advantages for themselves out of the confusion that would be thus created. Now, policy in France, conscience and conviction in this country, preclude the Western Powers from attempting any aggrandizement through confusion of that sort. Those who suspect others frequently do so from a consciousness of their own purpose; and these charges against the Western Powers, which we know to be innocent, suggest the same suspicion against herself. Known facts confirm the suspicion. We have had no agents travelling in the provinces of Russia for the purpose of getting hostile information and sowing the seeds of disaffection; the attempts of Russia to overbalance the power of Europe have been open, and she now actually threatens us with the very confusion that we have made so many sacrifices to avoid.

Russia may be all that you say, cry the Peace party; but you must submit to the terms that you can get, because you cannot compel her without crushing or breaking her up, and it is impossible to do that. This impossibility has been suffered to pass too long upon presumption, and it really is time to ask *whether it is true?* We know too little of Russia to presume either way; so little, that even her best-known roads, like the Arabat road into the Crimea, are new discoveries to us. But here again the facts incline us to doubt the solidity of the Russian empire. In the conversations with Sir Hamilton Seymour, the Emperor of Russia expressed great offence at having been called "the Czar," because he is no longer *only* "the Czar of Muscovy." He appeared to attach considerable importance to being called the Emperor of All the Russias: and perhaps he was right, for it is sometimes dangerous to permit a defect of title to be implied even in careless speech. It is sometime asserted that all the province annexed to Russia have been completely "Russianized"—that is, reduced to a lower standard of political civilization than several of them possessed before. The Fins have ceased to be independent; a hundred years have merged Courland, and so

forth. We have yet to learn, however, whether the hold of Russia is real. Frequent reports would make us believe, for example, that the whole of the Cossack country submits to the official rule under which it is subjected, but that the Germanized officialism is regarded as alien and oppressive; and the revolt in the Ukraine against the exactions of the Government is not more formidable than the disaffection which began the revolutionary career of Stenka Razin, who made Catherine tremble on her throne with a revolt that extended from the Carpathians to the Caspian. What reason have we for believing that any kind of political institutions have consolidated Russian power in those provinces? Great speculations were based upon the prosperity which was to be conferred upon the Don Cossacks by the commercial advantages secured through the ports of the Sea of Azoff and the Black Sea; but on the first pressure of a foreign enemy, the prosperity has gone, and the government which is known by its exactions is unable to protect its subjects. Poland is said to be Russianized; but is she? The reports that Siberia has been invaded by a new spirit of democracy have an air of verisimilitude, because the whole of that uncomfortable country is peopled by the best and most aspiring of the Russian families, who are in a state of exile and discontent. In truth, we know too little about any of those provinces to count upon their action; only just enough to tell us that we ought to inquire more. Russia threatens to fling the world again into a period of adventuring. Even the brief disturbance of 1848 showed us that there are still men of many races whom such a crisis would call forth, and who would be glad enough to seek fortune with the sword in any part of Europe where the opportunity offers—men like Rybinski, Ulloa, Jellaehieh, Stratimirovich, Omar Pasha, or Schamyl; some of them patriots, some of them chivalrous

adventurers, some of them belonging to races who know how to deal with the indigenous inhabitants of Russian provinces. Slavonian affinities, which Russia has endeavored to use as a means of undermining both Austria and Turkey, might turn against herself.

Such a state of things would be very novel to some Governments in Europe, who regulate their conduct chiefly by routine; and if we did so, leaving to Russia the opportunity and the strength for overthrowing the balance, we should have to bear the cost of a gigantic effort and an abortive. Russia has had a great advantage over us, not only in the autocracy which leaves the Government more irresponsible, and therefore more free for conducting unscrupulous efforts, but her Sovereign and Ministers have made a practice of studying the opinions, feelings, and interests of foreign nations, and have used those means of influence for Russian purposes. We judge everything by an English sense and by English standards; alienating foreign nations, and throwing them on the side of our enemy. We cannot interfere anywhere without trying to make them take a House of Lords and a House of Commons, and a limited Monarchy that they do not want; while neglecting to supply them with what they do want, though that be such a humble thing as gunpowder. We set up a kingdom of Greece, as a school for Russian agencies in Turkey, and stop the Vixen sloop on its way to the Circassians, as a means of protecting "the balance of power" by preserving the predominance of Russia. If we act upon the presumption that Russia is conservative and irresistible, undoubtedly she is so; but it has become an important element in the question of war, its means and finance, to know how far the predominating and inert strength of Russia consists in our own inertness and ignorant presumption that she is great and solid.

#### NICHOLAS "SOLD."

DURING an interview which Martineff, the comedian and mimic, had succeeded in obtaining with the Prince [Volkhonsky, high-steward], the emperor walked into the room unexpectedly, yet with a design, as was soon made evident. Telling the actor that he had heard of his talents, and should like to see a specimen of them: he bade him mimic the old minister. This feat was performed with so much gusto, that the emperor laughed immoderately; and then, to the great horror of the poor actor, desired to have himself "taken off." "Tis physically impossible," pleaded Martineff. "Nonsense," said Nicholas: "I in-

sist on its being done." Finding himself on the horns of a dilemma: the mimic took heart of grace, and with a promptitude and presence of mind that probably saved him, buttoned his coat over his breast, expanded his chest, threw up his head, and assuming the imperial port to the best of his power, strode across the room and back; then, stopping opposite the minister, he cried, in the exact tone and manner of the czar: "Volkhonsky! pay Monsieur Martineff one thousand silver rubles." The emperor for a moment was disconcerted; but recovering himself with a faint smile, he ordered the money to be paid. — *Harrison's Notes of a Nine Years' Residence in Russia.*



From Fraser's Magazine.

# A VISIT TO THE YEZIDIS, OR DEVIL-WORSHIPPERS OF ARMENIA.

"In that part there dwell a people of a very strange and singular character; for it is their principle to adhere to no certain religion, but chameleon-like, they put on the color of religion, whatever it be, which is reflected upon them from the persons with whom they happen to converse. With Christians, they profess themselves Christians; with Turks, they are good Mussulmans; with Jews, they pass for Jews; being such Proteuses in religion, that nobody was ever able to discover what shape or standard their consciences are really of."—HENRY MAUNDRELL, A. D. 1697.

It was a great disappointment to me on first reaching the banks of the Tigris at Jezirah, 185—, to find that the great annual festival of the Yezidis was to take place on the next day. It thus became evident that by no exertion could I hope to reach the sacred valley of Sheikh Adi in time to witness the mysterious rites, which, until vindicated by the testimony of modern travellers, had stamped this strange people with a character of systematic profrigacy, and had aided to give rise to the report that the object of their adoration was no other than the arch-enemy of mankind himself.

But although I was thus unable to seek initiation into the ceremonies peculiar to the feast-day of their prophet, I was determined not to quit the country without at least having made a pilgrimage to the shrine of their faith, and in some degree satisfied my curiosity with regard to them. During my stay in Mosul I became acquainted with the chief or prince of Yezidis, Hussein Beg; and I was fortunate enough to return one day from Nimroud in time to meet Sheikh Nasr, the spiritual head of the sect, on his visit to the town. They both promised me the most unbounded hospitality if I should enter their territories, and I was glad to avail myself of so good an opportunity of extending my travels to the chains of the Armenian mountains.

We accordingly one day broke up our encampment, which had lain beneath the great rock-sculptures hewn by Senacherib upon the cliffs of Bavian, and proceeded to scale the steep sides of the mountains which hem in the valley of the Gornel. We soon reached the little Kurdish village of Mousacan, where, invited by a neatness and cleanliness unusual in the East, I had pitched my tents some days before. This time we only skirted the place, and rode past the burial-ground which lay outside the village. It, too, shared in the general neatness; and many of the graves were dressed with marygolds—the only flowers which are cultivated and valued in the coun-

try—while the piece of red cord which adorned each headstone was new and of the brightest color.

As we continued our way over a rocky and difficult path, I had time to notice the dress and equipment of the man we had brought as a guide from Bavian. He was a very fair specimen of a Kurd—a fierce, cut-throat-looking fellow—but with more intelligence than is usually found amongst this people, so noted for their surly stupidity. On his head was a conical cap of brown felt, with a packing-needle stuck in it, and a dark blue handkerchief wound round the bottom. Over a shirt, of which the sleeves were very large and slit on the inner side, he wore a sack—for coat it could not be called—of brown goat's hair, sewn conspicuously with red worsted, and with sleeves which reached to the elbow; wide, white trousers, drawn in at the ankles, and gazelle-skin sandals, with a piece of coarse matting tied over the instep, completed his dress. Round his waist he wore a belt furnished with a brace of huge, unwieldy pistols and a scymetar; and from his side hung a leathern tobacco-pouch, embroidered and studded with cowries. A long gun was slung at his back, and he carried in one hand a sort of alpenstock, and in the other the indispensable chibhoke.

In about half an hour we reached the village of Mangouli, and we here entered a narrow gorge in the mountains, through which a torrent, fringed with a perfect thicket of oleander and wild pomegranate, burst its way to join the Zab in the plains below. I had sent on my tents and the greater part of my servants to Baadri, the chief town of the tribe, as I knew the aversion with which the Yezidis view the entrance of the Mohammedans into their sacred valley. My dragoman, and a groom who was qualified to act as interpreter in Kurdish, of which the dragoman was ignorant, alone accompanied me.

I could well sympathize with the delight which must be felt by those Yezidis who have made their long pilgrimage across the desert, on reaching this green and well-watered valley. But I felt certain that no votary from the north, who had only journeyed amongst the valleys and streams of Armenia, could hail with much pleasure the mountains and trees and living waters which surround the tomb of his saint, as I did after dwelling for months among the scorching plains of Mesopotamia.

The gorge at first was narrow, and confined between steep cliffs, but it soon opened out into a sort of amphitheatre, in which four beautiful and well-wooded valleys converged. The greenest and the best watered was that to the west; and in a few minutes we caught sight of the white spires of Sheikh Adi, rising from the trees at the head of it. We here

found that our Kurdish guide had absconded, as he was in no humor to face his hereditary enemies, the Yezidis in their stronghold.

Our path lay along the banks of the brawling stream, and was shaded by magnificent groves of plane-trees and oak, which stretched to the summits of the surrounding hills. Here and there the white front of a khan, or resting-place for pilgrims, stood out from amongst the trees, and strongly relieved their dark foliage. At a little distance the road we had been following suddenly entered a massively-built tunnel, which evidently led to the sacred precincts. I was unwilling to go further without permission, lest I should shock the feelings of the priests by suddenly intruding upon their ceremonies; but as, after a little while, our shouts had failed to bring any answer, I pushed on through the archway.

After riding a little way in the dark I emerged upon an open space in which were several fountains and springs of the purest water, surrounded by stone slabs and seats. I was here accosted by a Fakir, one of the lowest order of priests, who seemed to be ordering me off the premises; but when my interpreter came up, and I was able to explain that I was a Christian from the far west, and that I came with the permission of Hussein Beg and Sheikh Nasr, his tone changed at once, and he gave us a most hearty welcome. I was at once established in a guest-house close to the temple, and several priests and priestesses vied with one another in supplying my wants.

But I was anxious to explore the temple, and on proposing to see it at once, and to return afterwards to the dinner which they were preparing, a venerable old Sheikh readily led the way. He was a fine-looking old fellow, with a long gray beard, and robes of spotless white which swept the ground. His turban was black, and round his waist he wore a girdle of a red and green check pattern. The priestesses wore robes of the same check, which much resembled a Highland tartan, and scarfs of it were fastened upon their shoulders with large buckles. The Fakirs were clothed entirely in black, and they appeared to be employed in the menial offices of the temple, such as trimming the lamps and carrying wood.

The open space which I have described seemed to be the only level spot in this part of the valley. It was but a few yards across, and from it the mountains rose steeply on either side. In one corner was the mouth of the tunnel by which we had entered, and in the other corner of the same side was the portal which led to the outer court of the temple. On the southern side, and close under the hill, was a large fountain fed by a copious stream that flowed from a smaller temple, dedicated apparently to the sun. The remaining sides

of the area were enclosed by stone seats and fountains, or by the boundary wall of the temple; and the boughs of several large mulberry trees spread a mystic gloom over the whole.

I followed the Sheikh through the archway I have mentioned into the outward court of the temple. The walls were built of massive masonry, disposed in regular courses, and the stones around the entrance were sculptured with cabalistic signs. Amongst them I noticed the figure of a bird—perhaps the king of the peacocks himself!—a hatched, a hooked stick, a comb, and double triangles, within circles, after the manner of Freemasons' signs.

My groom, who had accompanied us so far, was now ordered back, and I was told that it was only as a favor to me that the presence of a Mohammedan in the sacred valley was permitted at all. We took off our shoes to enter the inner court, along one side of which the temple itself stands, and descending a few steps, found ourselves in front of a low and curiously ornamented arch, beside which were most conspicuously painted in black the hooked stick, the comb, and a serpent.

The temple was very dark, and it was a few minutes before we could make out the form of the building. At the entrance there was a spout and a tank of the beautifully clear water which abounds throughout the valley, and, as our conductor made some sign about it that we could not understand, I thought it expedient to follow his example, and to wash my hands and face; as I knew that it was the custom of the Yezidis to perform ablutions before approaching their holy places. We then went on into the temple. It was a plain building, divided in the centre by a row of massive columns, which, as is usual in the churches of the East, were tapestried with gay cloth and large handkerchiefs. On the northern side hung a gold-embroidered curtain, which, on being drawn back, disclosed the so-called tomb of Sheikh Adi—a mere framework of lath and plaster, covered with a green cloth; and probably only revered as the altar on which the Melek Taous, the religious symbol of the Yezidis, is exposed. A burning lamp hung before the curtain. A little further on was another recess containing a somewhat smaller box or altar, which is called the tomb of Sheikh Hussein. The curtain in this case was not so richly worked, and the lamp was smaller; the shrine being evidently of a secondary rank. We now descended a few steps into the second division of the building, which exactly resembled the first in construction, but it was empty and unornamented. At the end was a door which brought us out to the court again. The Sheikh assured me that I had now seen the whole of the sacred edifice, and finished by conducting me over the buildings set apart

for the more distinguished pilgrims and their horses, which adjoin the temple.

I afterwards repeated my visit, but discovered no new feature in the temple.

The Yezidis have of late years been brought before the notice of the public through the travels of Mr. Layard and Mr. Badger; but as, unfortunately, these gentlemen seem unable to agree either in their books or out of them, the world is not much the wiser as to the real tenets of this singular people. In fact the principal point in their religion seems to be to conceal their doctrines from the uninitiated, and for this purpose every kind of falsehood is resorted to. To a Mohammedan a Yezidi will say he believes in Mohammed; to a Christian that he believes in Christ; and amongst the Mohammedans they circumcise their children, while among Christians they baptize them. It seems certain, however, that, if possible, every member of the tribe makes a pilgrimage once in his life to the sacred valley of Sheikh Adi, and is immersed in its waters.

With regard to their worship of the Devil, it is now evident that at most they but endeavor to propitiate him. I have been told by those, who, more fortunate than myself, were present at the great festival in the year of my visit, that the word Yezdan constantly recurred in their sacred songs, and the priests themselves acknowledged that this was the name by which they adored the Supreme Being. Their reverence for fire is very great, and it is considered sinful to spit into it, or to scatter it upon the earth. They have too a small temple in the valley of Sheikh Adi, which bears the name of Sheikh Shems, or the sun, and although it has been alleged that it is merely the tomb of a man of the name of Shems, such a report would be one likely to be spread by the Yezidis to conceal its real import. In fact, so far as their doctrines are known, they present an extraordinary resemblance to those which long were held in Persia, when the precepts of Zoroaster had been corrupted by admixture with a grosser Sabæaniam.

The Melek Taus (literally "King Peacock") itself, although we are at present accustomed to condemn it as a symbol of the Devil, may be but a form of the Persian Ferouher, the emblem of the good spirit, which is found upon all the Persepolitan and many of the Assyrian sculptures, in especial attendance upon the king; and which was perpetuated in India down to the days of Tippoo Saib, in the humma or sacred bird which spread its wings above his throne. The idea of a sacred bird seems to have been common throughout the East in all ages. On the other hand, we have the precedent of the cock being sacred to Pluto among the Greeks and Romans; and Ainsworth in his travels in Asia Minor, mentions the sacrifice of a cock to the subterrene

deities. On the exceedingly interesting Assyrian rock sculptures of Malthaiyah, there is a representation of a cock with a human head and a scorpion's tail, at the first sight of which my companion exclaimed, "Why here we have the Melek Taus himself!"

Whatever may be the origin of the emblem—for it is only as an emblem that the figure of the bird can be regarded—it seemed pretty clear to me that there was more than one Melek Taus in existence, and the discrepancy between the drawing given in Mr. Layard's second work on Nineveh (p. 48), and that by Mr. Badger (*Nestorians*, i. 124), would favor this conclusion. I was assured at Mosul that there were seven of them, one for each of the seven great divisions of the tribe, which is scattered over the country from Aleppo to the Caspian, and from Mesopotamia to the Black Sea. All of these return to their several districts after the annual festival, and are brought back again to Sheikh Adi at the same time next year. In their progress through the country they are borne at the head of the cavalcade; but, should a stranger appear, they are instantly taken to pieces and hidden in a large bag.

With respect to the reverence of the Yezidis for Sheikh Adi, the only tenable supposition is that they regard him as an incarnation of the Deity, who was received back again into the godhead after death.

Their reluctance to pronounce the word Sheitan (the Arabic name for the Devil) is undoubted, and they avoid words which in any way approach it in sound. The same feeling extends to the verb Lân (to curse), and many words of a similar sound. The flame-colored and black robes, worn by the chief when officiating at their great ceremonies, are certainly very appropriate to the worship of his Satanic Majesty, and remind one of the last scene in *Faust*, or of the Spanish play where the audience are introduced to Don Juan in the infernal regions; but they will hardly support a theory on the subject. And on the other hand, the sacrifices of white oxen, which in classical times were sacred to the sun, and the offerings of the best fruits of the land, are certainly made to a good deity.

The Yezidis have many peculiar customs which separate them from the other inhabitants of Armenia and Mesopotamia. One of their greatest grievances was being enrolled in the Turkish army, by which many of their prejudices were shocked. Their uniforms were blue—a sacred color—and one which no Yezidi can conscientiously wear; they were compelled to eat lettuces and other vegetables forbidden by their religion; and they were forced to go to the public baths with Mohammedans, which is the height of abomination; for although as a people they are very cleanly, yet their ablutions must be performed apart,

and if possible in a running stream. However, now, through the exertions of Lord Stratford, they are permitted to pay a fixed sum annually, which secures their exemption from military service.

Fish, too, is a forbidden article of food, and appears to be held sacred; a superstition which reminds one of the tanks of sacred fish which are maintained in India at the present day, and of the account of the reservoir filled with them in the great temple of the Syrian goddess at Hierapolis.

At a distance a Yezidi may at once be known by his shirt, which is closed at the neck, instead of being left open like those worn by the Kurds and Arabs; and on nearer approach it is impossible to mistake their large noses and strongly marked features. They are evidently a distinct people from their neighbors, and the purity of the race is kept up by stringent laws, which excommunicate any person who marries out of the tribe. They are industrious and warlike, and were it not for the constant persecution they suffer from the Mohammedans, they would be far more prosperous than the other inhabitants of these provinces.

Every creed in the East has its Kubleh, or sacred point to which to turn in prayer; and that of the Yezidis is towards the north. The common people do not appear to pray at all. They leave that duty to the priests, who occasionally meet and perform mystic dances, at the same time chanting verses in honor of Yezdan and Sheikh Adi. The dead are buried with their faces towards the north.

On the evening before the new year the Yezidi villages present a very gay appearance, as the door of every house is decorated with bunches of scarlet anemones, and on feast-days the people wear these and other flowers twisted into their turbans.

I have thus given a sketch of the tenets and customs of the Yezidis, so far as they fell under my own observation. I might have given a fuller description of them by gleanings from works already published upon the subject, but I preferred confining myself entirely to the information I obtained in the country.

When we left Sheikh Adi by a difficult path, which led over the mountain immediately above the temple, the view of the valley was most striking. The walls of rock, which seemed to hem it in on every side, were covered, wherever a tree could grow, with the most luxuriant foliage; and from a thick grove of mulberries beneath, rose the three snow-white spires of the shrine, reflecting the light from their many angles, while that of Sheikh Shems appeared a little higher up the hill. From among the trees peeped out, in all directions, the well whitewashed fronts of the "guest-houses," or the spires of a Yezidi tomb.

But on reaching the summit, the view changed to one of a different kind: behind us

were the mountains of Kurdistan, rising range behind range in gigantic walls of rock, and merging towards the East in the fine snow-covered peaks of Akra. At our feet lay the plain of Navkur, which we had traversed on our way from Mosul, and in which Jebel Makhlob, which we had then thought a considerable mountain, appeared a mere molehill. To the south and west flowed the Tigris, and beyond it stretched the vast plains of Mesopotamia and the mountains of the Sinjar, another stronghold of the Yezidis.

The descent to Badri, the chief town of the tribe, and the residence of their chief, was very steep, and along the worst road I ever rode over, although I have had a good deal of experience in that way. In about two hours I reached my tent, and was welcomed, in the absence of Hussein Beg himself, by his two younger brothers, and a host of priests and bigwigs. They tried hard to induce me to put up at a house in the village, instead of remaining in my tent; but I knew too well the living accessories of an Eastern establishment to run the risk of a sleepless night. They sat in my tent for a long time, smoking and drinking coffee, and devouring eagerly accounts of the wonders of the West. At length some Vesuvian matches attracted their attention, and when I had made glad the hearts of the princes by giving a box each, they left me to my dinner.

It was not long, however, before I was horrified by their return, and lighting my pipe I resigned myself to another hour or two of martyrdom. This time they had brought with them the son of Sheikh Nasr, whose dignity would not suffer the young princes to receive a present when he had none. So I made matters up by giving him another box of matches, and at last they left me.

Next morning early, when I looked out of my tent, I saw a long file of servants approaching, each bearing aloft a huge platter piled with every imaginable compound, and intended for our breakfast; and, as soon as I was ready to mount my horse, a guard of honor made their appearance, and escorted me to the last Yezidi village on my road. They were commanded by a man whom I had seen the evening before in close attendance upon the young princes. He had been a confidential servant of their father, Ali Beg, the once independent sovereign of the country, and at his master's death he had carried off Hussein Beg to the mountains, and by no tortures had the Mohammedans been able to wrest from him a disclosure of the prince's hiding-place. Both his hands had been cut off by order of the ferocious pasha; but he still managed his horse and his lance as well as any of his followers.

After an hour's ride he left me, and I pushed on over the plain and reached Mosul late in the evening.



From The Spectator.

## PEACOCK'S LIFE OF DR. YOUNG.\*

THE name of Thomas Young is most generally known as a discoverer of the art of reading the ancient Egyptian writing. But he was a man of great acquirements in other branches of learning. A distinguished Grecian, and a master more or less of many languages modern as well as ancient, he was also versed in mechanical and natural science; he had given the attention of a philosopher to the vocation of an actuary as regards the "value" of life, or in other words its expected duration; his profession was that of physic, with which he combined an extensive knowledge of chemistry. It may be doubted whether he did not excel in most things rather than in his own trade; though his cool temperament and cautious habits made him a safe practitioner. His inquiries into and writings upon the Egyptian records undoubtedly led the way to the present state of the art of deciphering; his discoveries in optics, assailed by the *Edinburgh Review* and opposed or neglected by others, received a more considerable attention on the Continent than at home, and are now finally allowed to rank among the most remarkable discoveries in physical science. His article on Bridges in the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, independently of the exposition itself, drew scientific attention to the great importance of the materials of which structures were to be erected, as regards cohesion elasticity and strength. His publications on classical literature or languages not only exhibited the learning of the scholar, but threw out hints or more than hints as to the proper modes of dealing with the ancient *Herculaneum* manuscripts,—a source of information which has not realized the hopes entertained of it forty or fifty years ago. His various contributions to scientific journals or transactions, and his lectures at the Royal Institution, if not always correct, aided the progress of natural and mathematical science.—With the exception of a few experiments on topics of subordinate importance, his medical

works were compilations, able possibly, but not original or the result of actual observation.

The cause of this seeming singularity is to be sought in the nature of Young's mind, which was speculative rather than practical. He preferred to read and write, (his Greek penmanship was of remarkable excellence,) to calculate, and what is called invent, rather than undergo the uncertain labor of observing nature. In fact, he seemed to undervalue the task. He had an idea that more could be done in physic by what must be called compilation—examining and combining the recorded observations of others—than by any original efforts of his own. He writes to a friend—"In many other departments of science I have been enabled to draw conclusions from a comparison of the experiments of others, which I should have been much longer in discovering by investigations of my own; and why not in physic?" Within somewhat narrow limits this observation is true. No one should set up for a discoverer till he knows what has been discovered before. Discoveries, however, according to their value and their age, are embodied in the grammar on general literature of the particular science. The written letter gives us not nature, but somebody's perception of nature, which is possibly erroneous, and at best, second-hand. In addition to the freshness of living nature, there is in medicine the interest not to say the anxiety for the patient's fate, to sharpen the practitioner's perception. It is possible that Young had not a great deal of this. He was a man of pure morals, of excellent private and public character, but he wanted sympathy in life, as imagination in intellectual pursuits. With his nature, therefore, his method of procedure might be the best he could adopt, though not to be recommended as the best in itself.

Dr. Young's friends and his biographer complain of the slowness with which his fame made its way in the world, and assign various causes for it. Having been self-educated, he was comparatively deficient in the highest branches of mathematics, and in the abstruse subjects of optical science he had recourse to common language instead of the received mathematical formula to express his ideas.—He was also deficient in the clearness of diction requisite to convey complex and new ideas to the mind; he did not resort to any of the usual methods of obtaining publicity; and the attack of the *Edinburgh Review* already mentioned had the effect of prejudicing the English world against him. Something may be allowed to these reasons; but the fact is, that Young's discoveries were not of a broad cast; neither were they perfected by himself. Fresnel completed his optics; Champollion the Egyptian writing, so far as there is any completion. Besides, popular fame is not the meed

\* Life of Thomas Young, M. D., F. R. S., etc., and one of the eight Foreign Associates of the National Institute of France. By George Peacock, D. D., F. R. S., etc., Dean of Ely, Lowndean Professor of Astronomy in the University of Cambridge, and formerly Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College. Published by Murray.

Miscellaneous Works of the late Thomas Young, M. D., F. R. S., etc. Volumes I. and II.; including his Scientific Memoirs, etc. Edited by George Peacock, D. D., F. R. S., etc., Dean of Ely, etc. Published by Murray.

Miscellaneous Works of the late Thomas Young, M. D., F. R. S., etc., Volume III., Hieroglyphical Essays and Correspondence, etc. Edited by John Leitch. Published by Murray.

of great learning or of scientific discovery, unless it be of a kind to effect a revolution in popular belief, or lead to some tangible improvement in the useful arts. Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Watt, Davy, and other men of science popularly famous, fall under this category. They become known to the people by being in some way realized to the mind and business of the people. Except to scholars Bentley's name is not preserved for his learning; his strength of character, his pungent retort, his perpetual quarrels, nay, even the satire of which he was the subject, have contributed to his fame. Porson might have been a greater Grecian than he was, but his name would not have been familiarly known were it not for his racy English, his caustic wit, his more than anti-humbug disregard of appearances and pretence, and last, not least, his celebrated conviviality. Parr had neither the learning nor the character of these two great men; but he had what answers the purpose equally well for a time, the genius of the charlatan strong in his composition. That Dr. Young could ever have attained this popular celebrity in his life, is a question; or whether he has attained it now.

If the true cause of fame be steadily borne in mind—that no man is really famous except among classes of men whose minds he touches in some way or other, Young may not only be considered famous but fortunate. He was elected a member of the Royal Society in June 1794, a few days after he was of age.—The memoir he submitted the year before, and which was considered meritorious enough to lead to the membership, involved him in a controversy with no less a man than John Hunter, and (on his early death) with Sir Everard Home; though the controversy really turned on a charge of plagiarism against Young. He was early introduced into high society, through the influence of his maternal uncle Dr. Brocklesby and the patronage of Burke. In 1794 he was offered the post of private Secretary to the Duke of Richmond, with the prospect of further advantages; but he was dissuaded from accepting it by Burke and Wyndham. When he went to Edinburgh the autumn of the same year, he had access to the first society in the capital and in the provinces. On his return in 1797 from Göttingen, where he also studied, he entered himself as a Cambridge student, to qualify himself to practise legally; and such were the regulations in those days that it was five years before he could take a bachelor's degree. In spite of that want, Young was elected Professor of Natural Philosophy at the Royal Institution in 1801, and became joint editor of the *Journal with Davy*. In 1802 he was appointed Foreign Secretary to the Royal Society.—

In the following year he went to Paris during the peace of Amiens, and was introduced to Bonaparte. Though his manners were not well adapted to the medical profession, his practice, with the property left him by his uncle, enabled him to live in a style proportioned to the society he mixed with; and in 1811 he was elected physician to St. George's Hospital—a position for which he was certainly indebted to something other than his medical standing. He was applied to for contributions both to the *Quarterly Review* and the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The Admiralty referred to him the question of Seppings' improvements in shipbuilding; and he produced a memoir on the subject in 1814. In 1818 he was appointed Secretary to the Board of Longitude and Superintendent of the Nautical Almanack, at a salary of 400*l*. a year. In 1824 he was nominated a sort of advising actuary to the Palladium Life Office, with a salary of 500*l*. a year. In 1827 he received one of the highest honors awarded to science, being elected a Foreign Associate of the Academy of Sciences at Paris. All these various and indeed opposite appointments were obtained before he had passed the prime of life, and that in spite of the distrust generally inspired by a man who dabbles in many pursuits. Thomas Young was born in 1783, and died in 1829, when only fifty-six. His immediate disease was "ossification of the aorta, which must have been in progress for many years, and every appearance indicated an advance of age, not brought on probably by the natural course of time nor even by constitutional formation, but by unwearied and incessant labor of the mind from the earliest days of infancy."

This "incessant and unwearied labor" was the obvious means by which he acquired so many languages and mastered so many pursuits. He had, however, great natural aptitude, made visible at a much earlier period than usual. His parents were Quakers, living at Milverton in Somersetshire. He says himself, that he was taught reading by a village schoolmistress and his aunt; could read fluently at two years old; and by the time he was four, under the instructions of his two teachers, he had twice read the Bible through, as also Watts's Hymns,—but the Bible must surely be taken with a limitation. He was placed at several schools till he was fourteen, and his maternal grandfather, a man of some classical learning, partially directed his studies; but in reality, Young may be called self-educated, for he not only outstripped his teachers, but mastered studies of which they knew nothing. Compendiums of arts and sciences made him acquainted with natural philosophy; an ingenious person he occasionally fell in with introduced him to practical mechanics; languages

he acquired for himself. The following were the extra school studies of thirteen, and the home studies of fourteen :—

In mathematics I read Walkinghame's Tutor's Assistant, Ewing's Mathematics, omitting Gunners, and Dilworth's Book-keeping. The usher of the school was a very ingenious young man of the name of Josiah Jeffrey, who was in the habit of lending me books, and amongst them Benjamin Martin's Lectures on Natural Philosophy, and Ryland's Introduction to the Newtonian Philosophy. I was particularly delighted with the optical part of Martin's book, which contains many detailed rules for the practical construction of optical instruments. I also learnt the elements of algebra from Vyse and Ward.

"Mr. Jeffrey was a good mechanic, and it was from him that I acquired my fondness for turning and for making telescopes. He had made also an electrical machine, which I very frequently used. I was in the habit of grinding and preparing various kinds of colors for him, which he used to sell to the boys and to others; from him likewise I learnt the first principles of drawing, and copied under his directions several specimens from the copperplates of a book entitled the Principles of Design. He was also a book-binder, an occupation in which I assisted him.—After he left the school, I succeeded to some of his employments and perquisites; and I used to sell paper, copperplates, and colors, to my school-fellows; by which means I contrived to collect in 1786 as much as 5s., which added to 10s. 6d. given me by my parents, enabled me to buy some Greek and Latin books which were sold to me by Mr. Thompson at extremely low prices, and likewise Montanus's Hebrew Bible, for which I gave 5s.; for I was at that time enamored of Oriental literature, and I had already read through Buxtorf's Compendium, and Taylor's Tract at the end of his Concordance; and before I left Compton School, I had succeeded in getting through six chapters of the Hebrew Bible.

Upon my return home, after finally leaving Compton school, I devoted myself almost entirely to the study of Hebrew, and to the practice of turning and telescope-making. I read through thirty chapters of the Book of Genesis without points. That most excellent man Mr. Toulmin, who had heard of the nature of my studies, though perfectly unknown to me, lent me Masclef's Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, and Samaritan Grammars, and also some works of Gregory Sharp and Mr. Bayley, which I studied with great diligence. Mr. John Frye lent me Robertson on Reading Hebrew without Points. Mr. Toulmin also lent me the Lord's Prayer in more than a hundred languages; the examination of which gave me extraordinary pleasure. I had also read through the greatest part of Sir William Jones's Persian Grammar.

From his fourteenth to his nineteenth year Young lived with Mr. Barclay of Youngsbury, as a companion and assistant tutor to that gentleman's grandson Hudson Gurney. Here

Young continued the same course of severe application and varied study which seemed a part of his very nature. Up to this time it does not appear that his uncle Brocklesby took much notice of him; but some Greek verses and his beautiful Greek penmanship attracted the attention of Burke, who expressed himself very favorably of the young scholar. His uncle consequently began to regard him as a genius who would do credit to the family. On Young's leaving Mr. Barclay, the Doctor received him into his house in London; and gave him every assistance in the pursuit of his medical studies, which indeed were undertaken at Brocklesby's suggestion. He had previously, on casual visits, been made acquainted with the men of learning, literature, and rank, who often assembled at the house.

Dr. Young inspired his friends with a warm attachment; but it would seem to have arisen from his merits and sterling qualities, not from his manners, which were cold and unattractive if not repelling. He was not an effective or pleasing lecturer; his classes at the hospital were scantily attended; and his manners towards his patients were not winning. A sketch of him at Cambridge, by the gentleman who succeeded Young's nominal tutor at that University, presents the most lifelike picture of him that we have met. He probably did not show to the best advantage at Cambridge. A young man who had discussed Greek with Burney and Porson—had sustained public controversy with John Hunter, mixed with the eminent in London and Edinburgh, visited the Dukes of Athol and Gordon, danced with their daughters, and was just fresh from Gottingen and foreign travel—a rarity at that time—could hardly have been satisfied with an inferior position, to which the Dons generally seem to have doomed him. There is however truth, we suspect, in the sketch; especially touching Vince's opinion. It would be wonderful if, in such varied pursuits, Young was always correct.

"When the Master," says the writer, "introduced Young to his tutors, he jocularly said, 'I have brought you a pupil qualified to read lectures to his tutors.' This, however, as might be concluded, he did not attempt: and the forbearance was mutual; he was never required to attend the common duties of the College.

"He had a high character for classical learning before he came to Cambridge; but I believe he did not pursue his classical studies in the latter part of his life—he seldom spoke of them; but I remember his meeting Dr. Parr in the College Combination-room, and when the Doctor had made, as was not unusual with him, some dogmatical observation on a point of scholarship, Young said firmly, 'Bentley, sir, was of a different opinion;' immediately quoting his authority, and showing his intimate knowledge of the subject. Parr said nothing; but when Dr. Young retired, asked who he was; and, though

he did not seem to have heard his name before, he said, "A smart young man that."

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The views, objects, character and acquirements of our mathematicians were very different then to what they are now; and Young, who was certainly beforehand with the world, perceived their defects. Certain it is, that he looked down upon the science, and would not cultivate the acquaintance of any of our philosophers. Wood's books I have heard him speak of with approbation, but Vince he treated with contempt, and he afterwards returned the compliment. I recollect once asking Vince his opinion of Young: he said he knew nothing correctly. "What can you think," says he, "of a man writing upon mechanics who does not know the principles of a coach-wheel." This alludes to a mistake of Dr. Young's on this subject in his *Natural Philosophy*.

He did not seem to have heard the names of most of our poets or literary characters in the last century, and hardly ever spoke of English Literature.

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He never obtruded his various learning in conversation; but if appealed to on the most difficult subject, he answered in a quick, flippant, decisive way, as if he was speaking of the most easy; and in this mode of talking he differed from all the clever men that I ever saw. His reply never seemed to cost him an effort, and he did not appear to think there was any credit in being able to make it. He did not assert any superiority, or seem to suppose that he possessed it; but spoke as if he took it for granted that we all understood the matter as well as he did. He never spoke in praise of any of the writers of the day even in his own peculiar department, and could not be persuaded to discuss their merits. He was never personal: he would speak of knowledge in itself, of what was known or what might be known, but never of himself or any other as having discovered anything, or as likely to do so.

His language was correct, his utterance rapid, and his sentences, though without any affectation, never left unfinished. But his words were not those in familiar use, and the arrangement of his ideas seldom the same as those he conversed with. He was therefore worse calculated than any man I ever knew for the communication of knowledge. I remember our once asking him to answer an objection to Huygen's theory of light, which he preferred to Newton's; and though there were very many competent persons present, he attempted in vain.

Yet he was indebted to Huygen for his own undulatory theory.

In his manners he had something of the stiffness of the Quaker remaining; and though he never said or did a rude thing, he never made use of any of the forms of politeness. Not that he avoided them through affectation; his behavior was natural without timidity and easy without boldness. He rarely associated with the young men of the College, who called him, with a mix-

ture of derision and respect, 'Phenomenon Young,' but he lived on familiar terms with the Fellows in the Common-room. He had few friends of his own age or pursuits in the University, and not having been introduced to many of those who were distinguished either by their situation or talent, he did not seek their society, nor did they seek him: they did not like to admit the superiority of any one in *statu pupillari*, and he would not converse with any one but as an equal.

It was difficult to say how he employed himself: he read little, and though he had access to the College and University libraries, he was seldom seen in them. There were no books piled on his floor, no papers scattered on his table, and his room had all the appearance of belonging to an idle man. I once found him blowing smoke through long tubes, and I afterwards saw a representation of the effect in the *Transactions of the Royal Society* to illustrate one of his papers upon sound; but he was not in the habit of making experiments. He walked little, and rode less, but having learnt to ride the great horse abroad, he used to *pace* round Parker's Piece on a hackney: he once made an attempt to follow the hounds, but a severe fall prevented any future exhibition.

He seldom gave an opinion, and never volunteered one. He never laid down the law like other learned doctors, or uttered apothegms or sayings to be remembered. Indeed, like most mathematicians, (though we hear of abstract mathematics), he never seemed to think abstractedly. A philosophical fact, a difficult calculation, an ingenious instrument, or a new invention, would engage his attention; but he never spoke of morals, of metaphysics, or of religion. Of the last I never heard him say a word, nothing in favor of any sect, or in opposition to any doctrine; at the same time, no sceptical doubt, no loose assertion, no idle scoff ever escaped him.

Young aimed at the appearance of a man of the world and of accomplishments. When he abandoned the habit of the Friends, he learned dancing and music; which studies, as well as drawing, he continued in Germany. The judgment of his masters upon his efforts in the fine arts was — "accurate, but stiff." At another time, he writes in reference to a thesis: "It seems a fatality that almost everything I do or produce should be termed stiff." His German musical friends told him that he had no ear; but he nevertheless stuck to music. From correspondence of a much later date, it would seem that he continued to amuse himself by joining in musical parties; what amusement he afforded the company does not appear.

Dr. Peacock's *Life of Young* is the result of an undertaking "rashly" made more than twenty years ago; but of which ill health or pressing avocations have suspended the execution till now. Extensive stores of correspondence and family papers have been placed in the biographer's hands. He is well qualified for giving an account of Young's scientific labors and fixing his position as a philosopher. Both



the career of the man and the discoveries of the scholar and natural philosopher are clearly told. Optics, Egypt, and the principal miscellaneous memoirs, are separately introduced, with a relation to the chronology of the life, though they are not broken off for a mere pedantic reference to dates. This causes a little confusion; but probably that could hardly have been avoided, except by the greater confusion of intermingling the scientific discoveries with the successive stages of the life. When the mass of Dr. Young's journals, correspondence, and so forth, is considered, Dr. Peacock is entitled to the credit of having exercised a rare discretion in their sparing use; but the memoirs, though clear, are somewhat deficient as a picture of the living man.

Three volumes of the collected Works of Young accompany his Life: they may be said to consist of philosophical papers, the writings connected with the Egyptian controversies and discoveries, and fugitive pieces. With the exception of some papers on language, and four lives of critics and scholars—namely Horne Tooke, Bryant, Wakefield, and Porson (contributed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*),—the third volume is wholly devoted to Egypt. It contains the various works written by Young, and his extensive correspondence on the subject, in chronological order; to which Mr. Leitch the editor has added frequent annotations, bearing hard upon Champollion for his dishonest plagiarisms, and equally hard upon the Chevalier Bunsen for his partiality and unfairness. The whole is a very complete collection of materials for any one desirous of mastering the history of the subject; but it is rather a memorial to the memory of Young, than a volume likely to possess much attraction now, except to devoted Egyptologists.

The first and second volumes of the Works consist of lives of philosophers, likewise contributed to the *Encyclopædia*, and a great

number of papers from Transactions and scientific periodicals. A glance at the table of contents shows the variety of subjects handled by the author. For example:—

An Essay on Cycloidal Curves.

An Essay on Music.

A Letter to Mr. Nicholson respecting Sound and Light.

The article "Chromatics."

Remarks on the measurement of Minute Particles, especially those of the Blood and Pus.

Theoretical Investigations intended to illustrate the Phenomena of Polarization.

The article "Cohesion."

Hydraulic Investigations.

On the Functions of the Heart and Arteries.

Remarks on the Employment of Oblique Riders and on other Alterations in the Construction of Ships.

Simple Determination on the most Ancient Epoch of Astronomical Chronology.

Some Propositions on Waves and Sounds.

Remarks on the Structure of Covered Ways.

A portion of the article "Carpentry."

A Theory of Tides.

An Algebraical Expression for the Value of Lives.

Remarks on the Principle of Compound Interest.

On Weights and Measures.

On the Habits of Spiders.

The sixty-seven papers of which the above form a part constitute a monument to the industry and various capacity of their author. They are probably less attractive than the volume on Egyptian antiquities. The original discoveries they may contain, have long since mingled with the received truths of science; the knowledge which at the time of its promulgation was rare, has been popularized since Young's death, still more since he wrote. Perhaps the collection as a whole is rather a friendly and conjugal tribute to the writer's memory, than a necessary contribution to philosophical literature.

#### ANCESTRY OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

JOHN OF IRWYN had landed possessions in the parish of Holm, in Orkney, in 1438, when the county was still an appanage of the crown of Denmark and Norway. The Irvines of Sebay are very frequently mentioned in the times of Robert and Patrick Stewart, Earls of Orkney, and suffered very severely from the outrages of these rapacious nobles. They became extinct in the direct male line, *tempore* Charles I.; but one collateral branch had immediately before settled in the island of Sanday, and another, the Irvines of Gairstay, in the island of Shapinshay. They lost the estate of Gairstay several generations

back, and sank down into the condition of mere peasants, tenants of Quhome, where some of them reside at this day. I was there lately with Mr. Balfour, the proprietor of Shapinshay, who pointed out the old and modest house at Quhome where was born William Irvine, father of Washington Irving. Is it not somewhat singular that Sir Robert Strange and the author of *Bracebridge Hall* can be almost demonstrated of the same blood? I guess, if Irving knew his pedigree could be traced step by step up to John Erwyn of 1438, he would readily claim and vindicate his Orcadian descent. — *Dennistoun's Memoirs of Sir Robert Strange.*

From Sharpe's Magazine.

## A FEW WORDS ABOUT "JANE EYRE."

SOME eight years since, a novel, in three volumes, emanating from the shelves of, if we mistake not, Messrs. Smith and Elder, found its way, by their influence, into the circulating libraries; and, in due course of time, met with readers, and became famous. But the strange thing was, that no two people could agree in their opinions of it, so full was it of contradictions. Miss A. was delighted with it, Miss B. as much disgusted—Miss C. heard it so talked of, that she was most anxious to read it; but her married sister, Mrs. D., said, "No woman under thirty ought to open it." Then, it was such a strange book! imagine a novel with a little swarthy governess for heroine, and a middle-aged ruffian for hero. As well perform a pantomime with a wooden-legged cripple as Harlequin, a rheumatic old maid as Columbine, and a Methodist parson for Clown. Then, the characters used such language; the middle-aged ruffian—we mean the hero—swore, not the usual melodramatic paraphrases "By Heaven, sir, this language is unbearable—fiends and furies! do ye mean to insult me?"—but real wicked oaths, like a bold, bad, live man. All this was very odd and incorrect; the novel-reading public had become accustomed to the "fiends and furies" style; believed in it as the language common to the aristocracy of nature, and associated all plainer speaking with pot-house company, skittles, and unlimited beer and tobacco. So the public clamored at this glimpse of nature thus unceremoniously revealed to them, very much as they would have clamored if the writer had chosen to go to the opera *sans culottes*; and, having clamored, they philanthropically wished to remonstrate with the author on his improper innovations—but who was the author? Ay, there was the rub. The title-page ran thus:—"Jane Eyre; by Currer Bell." Yes; Currer Bell. Nobody had ever heard of Currer Bell—nobody believed in Currer Bell; and very soon the only fact which obtained universal credence in regard to Jane Eyre was that, be it written by whom it might, it certainly was *not* the production of Currer Bell. This was enough; here was a strange book, written in a strange style, by—and this was strangest of all—a mysterious stranger! In those days, events were few—Louis Philippe dozed in false security on the throne of France, nor dreamed the hand of destiny was drawing it from beneath him. Sebastopol was then building; and British youth learned geography, yet remained blissfully ignorant of its name and nature. Lord Raglan was innocuously employed at the Horse Guards, his own, being the only arm of the service, he had then had

the opportunity of sacrificing; for at that time we had a real commander living, though years were fast conquering the invincible Wellington. Thus the public was easily excited, and a Jane Eyre *furor* spread rapidly and raged like wild-fire. Jane Eyre was written by a man! no—Jane Eyre was written by a woman. Of course it was a man's writing, no woman *would* have written such a book. Look at the details of woman's inner nature—photographs of her very soul; no man *could* have written such a book. Parties ran high about it; there were Jane Eyre-ites and Anti-Jane Eyre-ites: had the work been religious, two sects would have sprung up, hating each other for the love of God, as only sectarians can hate. But being fortunately secular, the controversy did not stir up any very deep feelings of animosity, although the surface of cerulean society was considerably ruffled. But when men's minds became sufficiently agitated to warrant such an interposition, an oracle spoke; the "Quarterly" reviewed Jane Eyre—light flowed in upon the darkness—the oil of certainty tranquillized the waves of doubt and conjecture. It was, confessed the mighty Rhadamanthus, to common intelligences, an enigma hard to discover, whether this book proceeded from a man's pen, or from that of a woman. But Rhadamanthus had looked through the millstone at a glance, and seen beyond it the very man who had done the deed—who had inadvertently afforded a glimpse of his *toga virilis*, by his appalling ignorance of female manners and customs, and, above all, by his thoroughly masculine, false, and ridiculous notions in regard to female attire. How Charlotte must have chuckled over this judicial blindness in the little parlor at Haworth. The "Quarterly" having spoken, the public mind became tranquillized, and the tumult was allayed; a strange man had written a strange book—that was all. So society sat down to dinner without its appetite being impaired any longer by oppressive curiosity. Then followed other books by other Bells—books also peculiar, clever, and interesting (especially the "Tenant of Wildfell Hall"), though inferior in each particular to Jane Eyre. When the nine days (the period popularly assigned, we wish we knew why, to evanescent excitements) of this wonder were nearly accomplished, gradually and stealthily a rumor began to gain ground, that in spite of the "Quarterly," and the profound ignorance of mantua-making, Jane Eyre was written by a young lady, after all, and the name of Charlotte Brontë was repeated with daily increasing confidence, until the authorship of the work ceased to be a moot point any longer. Our limits forbid, nor is it the intention of this notice, to enter on any review of the authoress's writings, although much yet remains

both of beauty and of blemish, on which the critical faculty has not been exercised; but as the mystery which attended this lady's public *debt* has in some degree enshrouded her, even to the moment when the thousands to whom she has afforded pleasurable interest and excitement are lamenting her untimely decease, we imagine the following particulars, obtained from a private and we believe authentic source, though we do not pledge ourselves to their accuracy, may not prove unacceptable to our readers.

On the northern side of one of the wildest and bleakest moors of Yorkshire, stands the little village of Haworth, consisting of a church and a few gray stone cottages. One of these, scarcely superior to its fellows, and distinguished only by a sort of court-yard surrounded by a low stone wall, and overgrown with grass (shrubs and flowers refusing to vegetate in so ungenial an atmosphere), is the parsonage. The architecture is of the simplest description—a straight walk leads up to the front door, on either side of which appears a window, that of the sitting-room looking into the church-yard, well filled with gravestones. On this parsonage, until within a few months since, not a touch of paint, nor an article of new furniture, had been expended for thirty years, the period which has elapsed since the death of Miss Brontë's mother. Some six or seven years antecedent to that date, an Irish clergyman, the Rev. Patrick Brontë, then resident at Penzance, espoused a young lady, contrary to the wishes of her relations, who refused to hold any further intercourse with her after her marriage. Her husband, obtaining the perpetual curacy of Haworth, took his bride to his new residence, where she spent the remainder of her days, dying in a rapid consumption after the birth of her sixth child, Charlotte. Mr. Brontë, who, though advanced in years, is still alive, is described as a man of studious and solitary habits, and of a singular and highly eccentric turn of mind, which, together, with a very peculiar temper, must have rendered him anything but a suitable guardian to a youthful family. Nor can we wonder at the mother's dying exclamation, "What will become of my poor children?" Engrossed by his own pursuits, the father never even dined with his family nor taught them anything, and the children learnt to write and read from servants only. When Charlotte was twelve years old she (even then of an original and self-reliant nature) asked and obtained her father's permission, that her sister and herself should be placed at the clergy-school at Cowan Bridge. This, as it then existed, she has described to the life in *Jane Eyre*. Two of her sisters died of the fever which at one time devastated the school; the two others, and probably Char-

lotte herself, quitted it with the seeds of consumption in their constitutions, fostered by the cruel privations they underwent. The food was horrible, and of it, bad as it was, they obtained so little that often they were literally half starved. Frequently has she "crept under the table to pick up the crumbs others had dropped." At the time of the fever the doctor examined the food, he put some in his mouth, and hastily rejected it, protesting it was not fit for dogs. "So hungry was I," said Charlotte, "that I could have eaten what he threw away." The three survivors returned to Haworth with broken health; but there fresh trials awaited them. "At nineteen," continued Charlotte, "I should have been thankful for a penny a-week. I asked my father; but he said, 'What do women want with money?'" She was yet only nineteen when she advertised for and obtained a situation as teacher in a school; not finding it turn out as she had hoped, she waited until she had saved money enough to pay her passage to Brussels, where she had secured a position as school-teacher—she started alone, never having previously quitted Yorkshire. When she arrived in London it was night; she became alarmed, and, not knowing where to go, and fearing to trust herself with strangers, she took a cab, drove to the Tower stairs, hired a boat, and was conveyed to the Ostend packet. At first, the officer in command refused to take her on board till the next morning, but on learning her desolate situation recalled his prohibition. In Brussels, she remained two years; her experiences there are detailed in "Villette." The character of Adèle, in particular, is drawn from life. On her return she found that the health of her two remaining sisters was declining, and that her father's eyesight was becoming affected, and she considered it her duty to remain at home. She tried various ways of increasing their income, but failed in all. Without mentioning her project to her father, she wrote *Jane Eyre*, a work of which Messrs. Smith and Elder had the good sense to perceive the merits, and were courageous enough to publish it, in spite of its peculiarities, which might have alarmed any but a really spirited publisher. About three months after the appearance of her novel, and when its success was no longer doubtful, Miss Brontë resolved to screw up her courage, and inform her father of the step she had taken. Mr. Brontë, it appears, did not then join his family, even at meal times. At dinner, Charlotte announced her intention to her sisters, adding, that she would put it into execution before tea! Accordingly, she marched into his study with a copy of her work, wrapped up in a Review of it, which she had received, and the following conversation ensued:—

"Papa, I have been writing a book!"

"Have you, my dear?" (He went on reading.)

"But, papa, I want you to look at it."

"I can't be troubled to read manuscript."

"But it is printed."

"I hope you've not been involving yourself in any such silly expense!"

"I think I shall gain some money by it; may I read you some reviews of it?" She read the reviews, and again asked him if he would look over the book; he said she might leave it and he would see—later on that same evening he sent his daughters an invitation to drink tea with him. When the meal was nearly concluded, he said—"Children, Charlotte has been writing a book, and I think it is a better one than I expected." For some years he never mentioned the subject again.

A lady, who afterwards became intimate with Miss Brontë, thus describes her first introduction to her. "I arrived late at the house of a mutual friend, tea was on the table, and behind it sat a little wee dark person, dressed in black, who scarcely spoke, so that I had time for a good look at her. She had soft lightish brown hair, eyes of the same tint, looking straight at you, and very good

and expressive; a reddish complexion, a wide mouth—altogether plain; the forehead square, broad, and rather overhanging. Her hands are like birds' claws, and she is so shortsighted that she cannot see your face unless you are close to her. She is said to be frightfully shy, and almost cries at the thought of going amongst strangers."

Such are a few particulars concerning this remarkable woman; with the broader features of her history, especially her marriage with Mr. Nicol, her father's curate, and her melancholy death six months after she (probably for the first time in her strange eventful life) knew what it was to enjoy domestic happiness—the daily press has already made every one familiar. That she has been taken from among us in the full vigor of her intellect, ere the sunshine of a happy home had fostered and developed the brighter and more genial portion of her nature, must ever be a source of regret to those who, admiring as we admire the works she has left as her lasting memorial, hoped for yet nobler proofs of her remarkable powers of invention, when time and an increased knowledge of life should have corrected the eccentricity, without lessening the originality, of her genius.

#### A NIGHTINGALE IN THE CAMP.

The men before Sebastopol! a more heroic host  
There never stood, in hardship and in peril, at  
their post.

The foremost of those warriors 'twere a famous  
thing to be!

And there the first among them goes, if thou hast  
eyes to see.

'Tis not the good LORD RAGLAN, nor yet the  
great OMAR,

No, nor the fierce PELISSIER, though thunder-  
bolts of war,

Behold the soldier who in worth excels above  
the rest;

That English maiden yonder is our bravest and  
our best.

Brave men, so called, are plentiful; the most of  
men are brave.

So, truly, are the most of dogs, who reck not of  
a grave:

Their valor's not self-sacrifice, but simple want  
of heed;

But courage, in a woman's heart, is bravery  
indeed.

And there is Mercy's Amazon, within whose little  
breast

Burns the great spirit that has dared the fever  
and the pest.

And she has grappled with grim Death, that maid  
so bold and meek:

There is the mark of battle fresh upon her pallid  
cheek.

That gallant gentle lady the Camp would fain  
review;

Throughout the Chief escorts her with such  
honor as is due.

How many a prayer attends on her, how many a  
blessing greets!

How many a glad and grateful eye among that  
host she meets!

Now goes she to look forth upon the Enemy's  
stronghold.

O damsel, when its story shall in after times be  
told,

When not a stone of that thief's den shall rest  
upon a stone,

No name shall with its memory live longer than  
thine own.

Among the world's great women thou hast made  
thy glorious mark;

Men will hereafter mention make of thee with  
JOAN OF ARC:

And fathers, who relate the MAID OF SARAGOSSA's tale,

Will tell their little children, too, of FLORENCE  
NIGHTINGALE.

Punch.



From The Athenæum

*The Exodus Papyri.* By the Rev. D. I. Heath, M. A. With a Historical and Chronological Introduction by Miss F. Corboux. Parker & Son.

EVERY single ray of light, however feeble, which may help us to penetrate the thick darkness brooding over the history and chronology of ancient Egypt, is worthy to be prized. Viewed under this aspect, the publication before us cannot but be welcome to the archaeologist. Our readers may remember that eleven years ago fac-similes of the Hieratic Papyri in the British Museum were published by the authorities of that establishment. Mr. Heath has since, through the medium of our pages, given some account of these ancient records. They are thirteen in number, and bear the names of the persons by whom they were collected, or from whom they were purchased by the Museum. Mr. Heath here confines his attention to five, which he considers have some bearing upon the Exodus, and which he therefore denominates "The Exodus Papyri." Commencing with the study of the Coptic language, he entered upon the task of translating these papyri, determined, as he tells us, "to doubt the pronunciation of every alleged Egyptian letter and the meaning of every alleged word." The result is, that he has satisfied himself of the existence of allusions to names and circumstances, which prove the papyri to be contemporaneous with the age of the Exodus, and he rejoices in a rhapsody of exultation at the good fortune of the present generation in having access to "Egyptian newspapers," of that distant period. "We have found favor," he says, "with the Cherubim that guard the paradise of knowledge." His translations, intermingled with comments of rather a discursive character, make up the greater part of the present volume. With great candor he confesses their necessary uncertainty, arising from the serious deficiencies yet remaining in our knowledge of the ancient Egyptian language, and regards them "merely as approximations which somebody must make as a first step to afford printed matter for discussion, reference, and amendment." As a remarkable illustration of the doubt attaching to all such attempted interpretations, we may mention, that what Mr. Heath last year translated as the *Royal Land*, he now explains to mean the *North-eastern country*, while M. de Rougé, whom he quotes as the highest authority, reads it the *land of the south*. The fact is, with such a paucity of data there is necessarily too much room for conjecture to admit of any well-founded and indisputable conclusion; and one cannot read this volume without feeling that it is in a great measure mere guess-work.

Nor is the want of knowledge the only evil with which we have to contend in reference to this subject. Unfortunately few, if any, can approach it with unbiased minds. Nearly all have some conclusion which they wish to establish or refute by their investigations. Mr. Heath even goes so far as to put forth his professional character as a plea for his belief in the contemporaneity of these papyri with the Exodus. Whether this is the most effectual way of inspiring the reader with the same confidence as he himself feels in his translations, we leave others to determine. He is not unconscious of his liability to be influenced by his prepossessions, as is evident from this remark:—

But it is so easy to suppress and twist evidence, so hard to see what really constitutes evidence, the desire to find what we wish to find disturbs the mind so deceitfully and subtly; and, alas! the worship of supposed good, the fear of anticipated bad consequences, so often supplants that reverence for Truth and Fact which alone fits a man for communion with his Maker, that we ought rather to scan suspiciously what evidence I have brought, than at once to rush into a blind, and perhaps partisan, acceptance of it; and though I have a considerable confidence that my translations will be found substantially correct, and thus that the Exodus of the Jews is probably specifically here described, yet the natural emotion of the most experienced in these matters, when they first hear of such a declaration, will, I am quite aware, be one of incredulity.

That the caution here given is not superfluous, appears pretty plainly from the way in which Mr. Heath doctors up a passage which he takes to be an account of the destruction of Pharaoh and his host at the Red Sea. His first translation is, according to his own admission, so indefinite that, if it stood alone, he "would not hint that it might possibly allude to the passage of the Red Sea." But after he has paraphrased it in the style of a modern leading article, it becomes unmistakable in its reference to that event. It is evident from what follows, that the scrupulous scepticism with which he commenced his study of the ancient Egyptian language was laid aside before the conclusion of his task:—

The reader must form his own conclusions as to the extraordinary and increasing probability that after three thousand years we have fallen upon an Egyptian song, alluding concisely but accurately to the slavery, rebellion, and Exodus of the Jews, and to the ascent of Mount Sinai by Moses. He will probably, however, think that I have cooked the account so as to make it look more like the events in question than it does in the original. I am not conscious of having done so. Take the word *hyssop* for instance. I never met with it elsewhere, but it has the sign of a plant after it, and a mark which I imagine to be

a symbol of a religious utility. It is spelt a s b. —The light reader will remember the famous orthographical enquiry of the British Quarter-Master. If A s h a, said he, doesn't spell Asia, what on earth does it spell? So if A s b, with the sign of a plant, is not the Hebrew Azab or Hyssop, it has at least the peculiarity of being very like it.

Mr. Heath finds certain paragraphs in one papyrus repeated in others. These, he says, invariably partake of the nature of common-places, or general sentiments suitable to many occasions. They are in the form of extracts from letters, and he thinks they were selected and strung together to suit the particular purpose of the writer, whether to chant the praises of the dead, celebrate a victory, or narrate any other great event. In several instances there appears to be a break in the middle of a sentence, which Mr. Heath accounts for by supposing that the writer copied as much of the common stock of remarks as comported with his object, but omitted names and other specific circumstances which would have been unsuitable.

Miss Corboux's Introduction is an amplification and extension of what has already appeared from her pen in the *Athenæum* and elsewhere. It contains the chronology of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Dynasties, with a full discussion of the period and circumstances of the Exodus. We are happy to find she contemplates a more complete exposition of her views in another form. Her profound acquaintance with the subject and her ingenuity of combination lead us to hope much from her labors in this thorny field.

#### A POET ON GARDENING.

NEW YORK, Tuesday, June 19, 1855.

MY DEAR SIR:—May I ask of you to lay before the company assembled this evening in the rooms occupied by the Exhibition of the Horticultural Society my apology for not appearing to address them as I had engaged to do. For some days past I have suffered with a swelled face which has prevented me from preparing myself for the occasion in the manner I wished, and which unfits me for appearing to-day.

It had been my intention to advert to some of the more remarkable triumphs of horticulture in heightening the beauty of flowers and improving the quality of fruits, and thence to draw encouragement for those who follow this pursuit in our own country. The favorite varieties of cherry in France and England decay for the most part the instant they ripen in the warm and often showery weather of our June and the beginning of July, and we have yet to acquire varieties suited to our climate which will preserve their freshness a reasonable time after maturity. The apricot blossoms are so often nipped by the spring frosts that they can never be relied on to produce fruit, and we have yet to inquire whether more hardy or at least later blooming varieties

could not be found on the declivities of Lebanon, or further North on the skirts of Caucasus, which are in some places covered in large tracts with apricot-trees.

I intended to have given some facts from my own observation to show that the grape of Europe in its natural state is not by any means the agreeable fruit which we find it in the cultivated varieties. From these and from the tendency of our native grape to run into innumerable varieties, I thought it might be reasonably expected that we should yet produce on vines of a hardier and more luxuriant growth, native grapes in every respect rivalling those of the Old World. I meant to show how the American gooseberry naturally passes into varieties very different from each other, and from this to infer the improbability of the fruit to such a degree that we might hope to produce it of as large a size and as fine a flavor as that of England, yet free from the mildew which attacks the English gooseberry in our climate.

The fruit of the American blackberry is naturally of a finer flavor than the European, and greatly varies in quality even in the fields. We may yet have as many varieties of this fruit as of the raspberry. No attempt, I believe, has been made to improve the fruit of the American plum, whether the Chickasaw, the red or the beach plum, while the art of the gardener has been exhausted in obtaining from the plum of the Old World varieties most remarkably different in size and flavor, from the little mirabelle, of the size of a bullet, to the magnum bonum, vying in dimensions with the peach. If the custard-apple of the West had been a native of Europe, can we suppose it would not have been brought into the gardens centuries ago, cultivated with care, rendered prolific, improved in size and flavor, and made a common table fruit in its season?

One of the most splendid of garden flowers is the pansy. Its parent is the little three-colored violet of Europe, pretty, but too small to be conspicuous. By crossing it with other species of the violet and pampering the hybrid plant, a dazzling combination of glowing colors has been produced; the stalks have become tall and the petals broad. We have among the flowers of our own fields a little white violet of intense fragrance. By the same process of hybridization it is probable that its size might be enlarged and its fragrance retained, and a new ornament be added to our gardens.

We have other beautiful flowers in our forests and fields for which art has yet done nothing to make their bloom less transient. In the prairies of the West flourish bulbous plants worthy of a place on our window-sills in March with the hyacinth and the Syrian anemone.

These are some of the topics on which I intended to dwell, and I mention them now because it seems to me that as suggestions of what may yet be accomplished in horticulture, they may be considered as not entirely without value.

I am, Sir, respectfully and truly yours,

W. C. BRYANT.

To WILSON G. HUNT, Esq.

From The Economist, 16 June.

### THE NEW "FOUR POINTS"

THE final and formal closing of the Vienna Conferences and the rapid progress of our arms before Sebastopol and in the Sea of Azoff have wonderfully cleared our ideas and made plain the path of our policy before us. The character of the war enlarges in scope and dignity as its unavoidableness becomes more obvious, as it becomes clear that it must be ended by the sword and not the pen, and as its real, grand, and sanctifying OBJECTS shake themselves free from the misty subtleties and wretched trivialities in which diplomacy has so long shrouded their actual majesty and worth. We are beginning to take in the conception that we are engaged in a contest which admits of no compromise; in which anything short of signal triumph would be virtual defeat; whose aim—if it have any worthy aim, whose justification—if it have any adequate justification, is the deliverance of Europe from a great peril, and the complete emancipation, once and for ever, of the cause of freedom, civilization, and progress from their most irreconcilable and mightiest foe. And our Rulers—with much reluctance and after many struggles—are slowly awakening to the unwelcome truth and bracing up their energies for the unsought conflict.

It is in vain for those whose cue it is to damp the zeal of the nation by dwarfing the proportions of the strife in which it is engaged, to remind us of the hollow terms by which two years ago we sought to avoid the terrible necessity of war, and of the wordy arguments by which two years ago we were willing to have trod out the spark before it became a conflagration. It is impossible now to hark back to the rejected past, or to reduce the contest to its old insignificant dimensions. Those dimensions were never insignificant save in diplomatic fancy and diplomatic language. In the midst of all the attenuating and mystifying logomachies of Forgiven Secretaries and Plenipotentiary Ambassadors—in spite of the smooth disguises in which the timid and the crafty sought to smother and to veil the truth—the real magnitude of the issue always made itself dimly felt, and the heart of the people discerned it through the artificial mist. It is idle to argue that that cannot be a war on behalf of civilization which is waged for the preservation and maintenance of Turkey, the one stagnant and barbarous State in Europe; that that cannot be a war for freedom which is waged in concert with an Imperial Usurper who has trampled on the liberties and suppressed the institutions of his own land; that that cannot be a war in defence of justice and constitutional right in which we have the concurrence if not the aid of Austria, the relentless destroyer of every

charter and every constitution that ever flourished in any of the hapless countries that wither in her grasp. All these are presentable and plausible but ineffective pleas: they do not touch the kernel of the question. Austria, though the rival of Russia, is not and never was and never designed to be our true ally in this matter: we shall never hear of her unless when she desires to fetter our action, to hamper our progress, or to share our spoils. It may be true that France has fallen for the time, though of her own free will, under the sway of a despotic ruler; but it is nevertheless certain that her interests, as well as ours, are linked to the cause of Western civilization. And the preservation of Turkey, though the occasion, is not the real aim and the purpose of the war. Therefore, though we may be fighting with not the most spotless and sincere allies, in not the best company, with not the most serviceable weapons, in not the most direct manner, and on not the truest or the noblest prettexts,—still we are, and we feel that we are fighting for great aims and in a worthy quarrel,—and the most ingenious and elaborate sophistry will not avail to drive us from this sustaining faith.

Discerning, therefore, clearly the cause at issue, we have little difficulty in perceiving the necessary conditions of success. We have to rescue Turkey and Europe from the dangers of Russian preponderance. We have to limit that preponderance—*de la faire cesser*, in the terms of the protocols—in the Black Sea and elsewhere. We have to do our work effectually while we are about it; and to do it not in one part of Europe only, but in all. We have to effect our purpose. We have to obtain guarantees as well as promises. We have not only to induce Russia to swear that henceforth she will behave well, but to incapacitate her from behaving ill. We have in a word to obtain the substance of what our negotiators endeavored to obtain the shadow of at Vienna. Russia refused the show and the promise: we have to extort, or rather to seize, the reality and the security.

Now it is quite clear that this can only be obtained by certain positive conquests to be gained and kept. Ministers, properly enough, decline publishing to and through Parliament the terms which they will accept and on which they will insist. The organs of the Press need observe no such reticence.

In the first place, it is certain that as long as Russia holds any portion of the Protectorate of the Principalities and Servia, those countries can have no real freedom, nor Turkey any real safety. Prettexts of interference, as we have repeatedly shown, will never be wanting in territories partly inhabited by Slavonians and swarming with Greek priests, all under the dominion and many of them in the

pay of Russia. Moreover, against the Ottoman Government the Principalities need no protection. That Government is in no way formidable to them or hostile to their rights; it is their actual suzerain, and their most natural aid and ally. The treaties which formerly gave Russia a right of protection, now abrogated by the war, must be renewed in no shape whatever.

*Secondly.* It is equally certain that Europe can have no security for the free navigation of the Danube so long as Russia holds any portion of either bank. No promise she can give us will be worth one farthing. None she ever has given us has ever been worth the paper on which it was written. By the possession of the mouths, and by the fortresses of Ismail and Kilia she can command the river. Either, therefore, her frontier must recede to a certain distance from the left bank, and the fortresses in question be dismantled or surrendered; or the course of the river must be diverted, and made to flow direct from Rassova to Kustendji. We should prefer the latter solution, as giving both a more permanent security and a better channel.

*Thirdly.* We have not only to rescue Turkey from the overwhelming incubus of Russia; we have also to remove that menacing pressure by which she has contrived to reduce almost to a state of vassalage Sweden and Denmark, to say nothing of Prussia. The fortifications on the Aland Islands, as is well understood now, were to have been her means of finally rivetting the chains of these subject powers. Those islands command the Gulf of Finland, the Gulf of Bothnia, and the Baltic Sea. We have destroyed the fortifications:—what have we gained thereby? The moment peace is concluded, Russia is free to rebuild them whenever she pleases. We shall probably lend her two millions at four-and-a-half per cent. to enable her to do so. If we commit so open a folly, words will be wanting to describe its character. To do our work effectually, those islands must be transferred to other hands; for to bind Russia never again to fortify them, would be merely giving her one promise more to break.

*Fourthly.* The discussions on the third point here and at Vienna have done some good. They have shown we think irrefragably, that in one way only can the proposed and indispensable "limitation" be effected. The opening of the Dardanelles will not effect it. The "summoning" power of the Sultan will not effect it. The "neutralization" of the Sea (i. e. the exclusion of all vessels of war) is both inadmissible and unenforceable, and would be about the last term that Russia would submit to. The restriction of Russian ships and the admission of French and English would, as we have seen, be nearly futile.

The "dismantling of Sebastopol will not meet the case. Dismantling would only end in rebuilding; and in the harbor, even when unfortified, the most overpowering navy might ride secure. One way only remains. *Sebastopol and the Crimea must be taken and kept.*

There is no alternative. The Black Sea has two special peculiarities:—not only is it neither a *mare apertum* like the Mediterranean, nor a *mare clausum* like Lake Ontario; but it has no harbors of any size or security, except those which Russia has monopolized. There are some places of safety in the Sea of Azoff for ships of moderate burden. A few might get into Anapa. Some could find shelter at Odessa. But Sebastopol is really the only good and perfectly sheltered anchorage in the whole of that inhospitable ocean. Whoever possesses that, commands the Sea. So long as Russia holds that, no power on earth can save Constantinople except at the cost of perpetual vigilance and constant readiness for war. Of this, we believe, there can no longer be any question.

But to take Sebastopol without taking the Crimea would be a sheer and obvious absurdity. To take Sebastopol with the intention of giving it back at the conclusion of peace would be, after all that has passed—we do not scruple to declare—a sin of the deepest dye, a folly bordering on insanity, an insult to the courage of our soldiers and the common sense of the nation. What! are we to waste millions, hazard fame, to sacrifice thousands of the best and bravest of the nation, in storming a mighty citadel, merely to hand it back as soon as stormed? Are we, at the risk of life, to knock down our adversary and then help him to get up again? Are we to undertake and succeed in at vast cost the most brilliant and perilous enterprise of modern warfare, merely to extort a hollow promise or to display barren prowess? Shall we be so incomprehensibly absurd as, having wrenched from an antagonist a "material guarantee," to exchange it for a paper promise? To part with the substance for the shadow? To draw her teeth, and then replace them on her assurance that she won't bite? Would John Bull ever consent so to stultify himself? or, how would any Ministry, which should be guilty of such Quixotic magnanimity, maintain itself against the execrations of the nation that had paid and the army that had bled to obtain the hard won prize so ridiculously and suicidally surrendered?

There are those who, looking back to the precedents of history, do not scruple to predict that as soon as the capture of Sebastopol has redeemed our prestige and restored our good humor, we shall accept proposals for peace, treat on the bases of the terms demanded at Vienna, play the generous, forget the



just, raise a memorial column at Inkermann, sell the railway and the submarine telegraph to our vanquished foe at half price, and come home, as of yore, with an idiotic smile of self-complacency upon our scarred but radiant visage,—and full of a peace that passeth understanding! It may be so. The treachery of Bolingbroke in 1713, and the weakness and selfishness (if nothing worse) of Bute in 1763, and the folly and incompetence of Castlereagh in 1815, are suspicious cases in point. But

the people are both more awake, more enlightened, and more powerful than in those days; and it might prove dangerous to be guided by such precedents, as it would assuredly prove futile to appeal to them in justification of similar enormities. There might be difficulty in arranging what should be done with the Crimea:—as to what should *not* be done with it, there could be no difficulty whatever.

THE FIELD OF THE BATTLE OF BALAKLAVA has lately been passed over by the Allies, in a reconnaissance in force. The description of that famous field is well worth reading by all those who are enamored of the charms of war (*Church Journal*):—The Chasseurs d'Afrique were in advance, with a line of skirmishers spread out in front of the little expedition. The French rocket-troop and C troop Royal Horse Artillery, and the 10th Hussars and Heavy Cavalry Brigade covered the advance of the infantry; and, as the morning was fine and clear, the sight presented by the troops as seen advancing across the plain from the heights was very beautiful. The Turks marched in dense columns, bristling with steel, and the sunlight flashing on the polished barrels of their firelocks, and on their bayonets, relieved the sombre hue of the mass; for their dark-blue uniforms, but little relieved by facings or gay shoulder-straps and cuffs, look quite black when the men are together. The Chasseurs d'Afrique, clad in light powder-blue jackets, with white cartouch belts, and in bright-red pantaloons, mounted on white Arabs, caught the eye like a bed of flowers scattered over the plain. Nor did the rich verdure, indeed, require any such borrowed beauty, for the soil produces an abundance of wild flowering shrubs and beautiful plants. Dahlias, anemones, sweetbrier, whitethorn, wild parsley, mint, thyme, sage, asparagus, and a hundred other different citizens of the vegetable kingdom spring up all over the plain, and as the Turkish infantry moved along, their feet crushed the sweet flowers, and the air was filled with delicate odors, which overcame the sweltering atmosphere around the columns. Rectangular patches of long, rank, rich grass, waving high above the more natural-green meadow? marked the mounds where the slain of the 25th of October are reposing forever, and the snoring horse refuses to eat the unwholesome shoots. As the force moved on, evidences of that fatal and glorious day became thick and painful. The skeleton of an English Dragoon, said to be one of the Royals, lay still extended on the plain, with tattered bits of red cloth hanging to the bones of his arms. All the buttons had been cut off the jacket. The man must have fallen early in the day, when the heavy cavalry were close up to Canrobert's hill, and came under the fire of the Russian artillery. There was also a Russian skeleton close at hand in ghastly companionship. The small bullet-skull, round as a cannon-ball,

had been picked bare all save the scalp, which was still covered with grisly red locks. Further on, amid fragments of shells and round shot, the body of another Russian seemed starting out of the grave, which scarcely covered his lower extremities. The half-decayed skeletons of artillery and cavalry horses covered with rotting trappings, harness, and saddles, lay as they fell in the agonies of death, or had crumbled away into a *débris* of bone and skin, and leather straps, cloth, and buckles. From the numerous graves the uncovered bones of the tenants had started up through the soil, as if to appeal against the haste with which they had been buried. With the clashing of drums, and the shrill strains of the fife, with the clamping of bits and ringing of steel, man and horse swept over the remnants of their fellows in all the pride of life. Not the least interesting part of the spectacle was furnished by the relics of the Heavy Cavalry Brigade passing over the scene of their grand encounter with the Muscovite cavalry. Scots Grays and Eaniskillens, Royals, 4th Dragoon Guards and 5th Dragoon Guards, all had been there; and the survivors might well feel proud when they thought of that day. These regiments were not larger than troops; and some of them, indeed, were not nearly equal in strength to a troop on war footing.

#### SUMMER EVENING LIGHTNING.

Far off and low  
In the horizon, from a sultry cloud,  
Where sleeps in embryo the midnight storm,  
The silent lightning gleams in fitful sheets,  
Illumes the solid mass, revealing thus  
Its darker fragments, and its ragged verge;  
Or if the bolder fancy so conceive  
Of its fantastic forms, revealing thus  
Its gloomy caverns, rugged sides and top  
With beetling cliffs grotesque. But not so  
bright  
The distant flashes gleam as to efface  
The window's image on the floor impressed,  
By the dim crescent; or outshines the light  
Cast from the room upon the trees hard by,  
If haply to illumine a moonless night,  
The lighted taper shines; though lit in vain  
To waste away unused and from abroad  
Distinctly through the open windows seen,  
Lone, pale, and still as a sepulchral lamp.

Charles Wilcox

